THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated W
Founded A° D°

JULY 6, 1907

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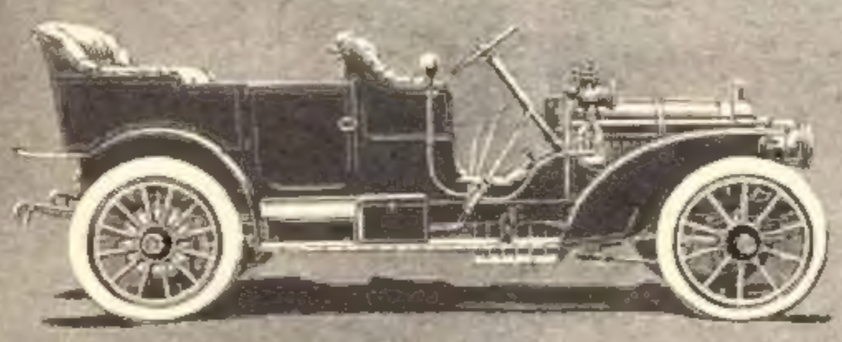

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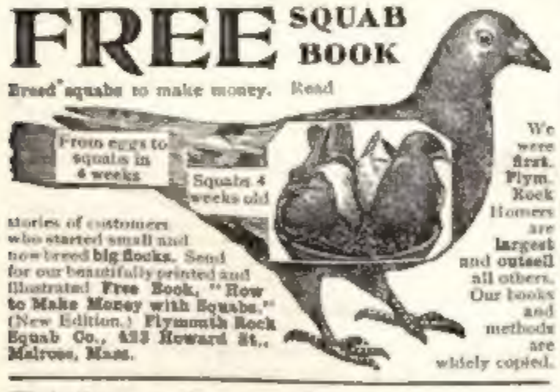

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ON THE PRESS

It is very easy to generalize about a magazine. It would be a simple matter to say that the next issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST was to be one of the strongest numbers we have ever published, and if we said that often enough, and in enough different ways, we should probably carry conviction. But we prefer to particularize. Here is a section of the table of contents: judge for yourself.

The Mastery of the Pacific

By Samuel G. Blythe

Three big cities are engaged in the greatest commercial war of the day. They are fighting for the control of the vast trade of the Pacific. These cities Mr. Blythe has visited for us and has carefully studied. His first paper deals with the romance of San Francisco—how her old mastery was shaken by the great earthquake; how her tremendous optimism set her at once to beginning afresh; how the sudden influx of insurance-millions made her almost drunk with gold—and how, now, she is coming out of that intoxication and, with renewed vigor, getting down to the hard work of restoration.

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By Jacques Futrelle

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Volume 180 PHILADELPHIA, JULY 6, 1907 Number 1

BY "WIRELESS"

A Sporting Proposition and a Trans-Atlantic Pursuit

BY EDWIN BALMER

"LAND'S END!" The American pointed. Off to starboard the extreme point of Cornwall slid into the sea. "We've lost land now for five days!"

The Englishman smiled seriously; then indicated the long, vertical streaks strung from the masts overhead.

"Not for several hundred miles yet," he corrected. "The wireless!" he almost exclaimed. He watched the American for a moment. "For all the freedom or refuge you can now find, even upon a ship at sea, you might quite as well be upon our Strand or your Broadway. You can no longer shake off things or escape them even for a week by going to sea in these days. The wireless, if there is anything to pursue you, will send it after you and overtake you with it now, even in mid-ocean."

The American half shivered at the suggestion in the other's words, but shook it off again quickly and smiled.

"Some of you English certainly have a cheerful way of bringing out the gloom in things! You almost convinced me for a moment that I was trying to escape something which would pursue and catch me, anyhow. Well!" he ejaculated, as he looked away from his companion to the deck, alive with the breeze and gayety of the first forenoon at sea. "Why—Miss Varris!" he cried.

"Mr. Preston! Well, prisoner!" a girl's laughing voice behind the Englishman answered. "Prisoner!"

"Liberator!" young Preston rejoined, as he took her extended hand. "Jove!" he went on joyfully, as the full realization of her presence came to him. "This *is* luck! Why, I've been hoping all over England to find you again ever since ——"

"You got out of jail?" the girl took him up. "Really, Mr. Preston, it's quite a relief to see you. When you didn't follow us to Torquay, as you threatened to do, mother and I were terribly afraid that you might be languishing in jail, and perhaps without an alibi." She started and laughed. "Oh, do you know that that alibi which freed you upon that day at Tavistock wasn't an alibi at all; but the day we had to swear you were with us was the very day we stayed at Tawton and you went ahead? And the things mother and I swore for you to those awful English police! We never remembered about your leaving us that day until we were down at Torquay; but I believe that all the time we were perjuring ourselves *you* knew and were laughing at us."

"I knew," Preston confessed. "But I wasn't laughing—then. It was too serious even to be an English joke. I tell you when I found that the Anglican police couldn't appreciate the general humor in arresting me for assault and bank robbery, I wasn't going to risk their sense of humor asserting itself in my favor if I told them I was really gone almost a whole day while you and your mother were swearing that I had not been out of your sight for two hours, except at night, for the previous two weeks. Besides, I was too hurt to correct you. Think how I would have felt having to confess that I made so little impression upon you that I could go away a day or two and you would never notice it. Really, it was that thought more than my call back to Kent which stopped me from following you after that."

Their eyes met understandingly and moved away again. The Englishman beside Preston stirred.

"Oh, Mr. Dunneston," Preston recollected hastily. "Won't you wait? Miss Varris, this is my cabin partner, Mr. Dunneston. Mr. Dunneston, Miss Varris—to whom I owe my freedom from one of your English country jails."

"Really?" the Englishman asked interestedly. "Oh, surely not seriously, Mr. Preston?" he asked, wary of the alleged American joke. "You were not seriously in jail?"

"In all sincere or British seriousness, Mr. Dunneston."

"But not tried, condemned and in stripes—I mean in your funny arrow-marked convict-suits, Mr. Dunneston," the girl corrected. "He was just arrested and detained at Tavistock, merely under suspicion."

"Under suspicion—but not merely," Preston put in. "That word has no association whatever, Miss Varris, with an English suspicion. Who was it said he'd rather serve a sentence anywhere else than a suspicion in England?"

"It was this way, Mr. Dunneston. It seems that some fellow—chap, I mean—went through one of your little country banks at a place called Applestone in Devonshire and got away with most of the plate and other things which had been stored there. It was all in the papers, do you remember?

"Well, though it was about noon, it seems no one got a good look at the fellow—chap—except the cashier. And when the cashier came to, five days later, he said the last thing he saw before the darkness came was a—chap about six feet tall, jolly well tanned, and with brown hair and eyes and a light suit. Now, it was a hot day when he came to, and at Tavistock, only twenty miles away, I was wearing some light clothes. Also, I am sunburned, six feet high, and my hair and eyes are brown. And in other ways, too, I seemed so desirable to the police that if Miss Varris and her mother—who were known in Tavistock—had not sworn that I had not been out of their sight two hours for the week previous, I would probably now be neatly plaiting rattan chair-bottoms, or whatever your criminals go in for."

"And the best joke about it was," Miss Varris explained, as the Englishman still regarded Preston seriously, "that mother and I never remembered till days afterward that, on the very day the bank was held up, Mr. Preston had gone ahead of us to Hatherleigh, and must have been at or very near Applestone at the very time. And I believe they haven't been able to catch the man yet!"

"How extrawdinary!" the Englishman volunteered, seeing something was expected of him. "What a remarkable—aw—coincidence."

Preston watched him solemnly. "Isn't it? Thank you," he said.

"Rather decent of him finally to decide on coincidence, now, wasn't it?" Preston laughed with the girl, as they walked together down the deck. "Really, we shouldn't have told him. He suspects me; he's English. But since you explained to him that there's a joke about it somewhere, the way Punch does, he may have it out before long. But—where is Mrs. Varris? Not under decks this sea?"

"No; London still."

"Well, I hope?"

"Yes. I was crossing back with my aunt. She was to have come down from Brighton and met me at the boat."

"Was to have?"

"Yes. Mother put me on the boat-train at London, and my aunt was to meet me at Southampton. But the train was late, you remember; and, not finding my aunt, I went right to my cabin, expecting her there. Then, just as we put off, this came"—she spread out a telegram—"instead of my aunt to chaperon me across the Atlantic. And I believe that even the Mrs. Burrett, to whom she refers me here, did not sail."

"Mrs. Burrett?" Preston repeated. "No; she didn't. I know because I have her cabin—or half of it. I got a cable calling me back suddenly for my sister's wedding-party, and I did not have time even to send to London for my things. I had to buy even a steamer-trunk and rug at Southampton. And just as I went into the steamship

office, hoping for some released reservations which I could pick up, a wire came to resell cabin of Mrs. A. H. Burrett. And I got it."

"I was afraid so," the girl said. "I mean, of course," she went on quickly, "I was afraid that Mrs. Burrett was not on board. Mother will probably know that by this time. So, though there seems to be no one I have even met before except you, I'll 'Marconi' her to tell her that you are here, anyway, and that I am all right."

"I hope," said Preston, "that she will consider my presence reassuring. Then I may see you again a little later?"

"I've been back sounding my British 'bunkie'," he said some time later, as he met Miss Varris upon the deck.

"'Really, Mr. Preston,' he said, 'quite—oh, quite apart from the consideration of the aw—extrawdinary coincidence at Applestone, you did quite wrong to condone perjury to free yourself. Really, you know, the perjury in itself is actionable—oh, quite actionable. Besides, might you not also possibly have been in Applestone at the very time and not robbed the bank at all?'

"'Oh, yes,' I said, 'I might possibly.'"

"And now he is worse off than before?" the girl asked.

"Surely. Yet you know his kind is the best sort possible to have on a trip like this. He has crossed no end of times and, though he himself is bored, he does more than any one else to make the trip interesting. Last night, for instance, before the boat was out an hour he had started the pools in the smoking-room and had the Anglo-American alliance going on the high-speed clutch."

"And you probably felt it your duty to accelerate the alliance by buying a number?"

"No; worse—or better. I bought high field. They were selling separate numbers from two hundred and twenty to two hundred and forty for the run since Southampton to noon to-day; and anything over that gives the pool to high field. It really looks fair for me, doesn't it?"

"It does. And it is almost—why, it is past time to post the run now!"

"You forget we're westbound. You must subtract——"

The whistle blew a single long blast.

"There! It's noon! Come on!"

"Two hundred and forty-seven," came back along the rail, as they hurried forward. "Two hundred and forty-seven. High field wins!"

Miss Varris awoke the next morning with a momentary giddiness and lightness of head which she attributed at first to the motion of the ship. But as she looked out her port, she saw the sea was still quite smooth, and the vessel was plowing through it steadily and evenly. She wondered at the strangeness of her feeling for a moment then; but, as it began to wear away quite perceptibly as she arose and moved about, she dismissed it and hastened with her dressing.

The strange feeling, as of something missing or gone, came to her again as she bent over her wash-basin; but in a moment she had thrown it off again and was hastening out to the revigoration of the breezes of the deck.

Under the animation of the sea air, she finally dismissed the vague feeling of missing something, which kept returning to her, with the explanation to herself that she was just beginning to appreciate the strangeness of traveling alone; and though, somehow, the explanation did not entirely satisfy, it relieved her enough to make her the cheery one a moment later as she encountered Preston upon the deck.

"These big 'wireless' boats," she said sympathetically, after the first greetings, and Preston stood staring absently at the sea, "they never let one get away from trouble, even at sea."

Preston turned quickly.

"I beg pardon," he apologized, as the girl appeared a little surprised at his gesture, "but you are almost as cheerful as Mr. Dunneston. What makes you, too, think I am trying to get away from something on this voyage—and won't be able to?" he added grimly.

"Oh, I didn't mean anything like that," the girl laughed. "I was just thinking of my own case. Last night, just before I went to sleep, the 'wireless' brought me the comforting knowledge that my mother would never forgive my aunt, her own sister, for being taken ill at Brighton. I hope yours is nothing worse."

"It is," Preston answered, trying to appear hopeless. "But I can't blame Marconi for it."

"You mean something has happened on board?"

"Yes. Miss Varris, listen. The Englishman's—Dunneston's—shirt buttons have been stolen!"

The girl gazed at him steadily. "Is that all?" she asked.

"Oh, the pool was stolen, too," Preston answered lightly, "and mine and Mr. Dunneston's watch and a few other odd pounds from me, as well as about forty pounds from him, too. But think of the shirt buttons!"

"Why?" the girl asked puzzled. "What were the buttons made of? What were they worth? Why, I heard there was almost a thousand dollars in your pool!"

"Gold; plain gold. They were worth maybe a pound. There were four thousand shillings, or just about a thousand dollars, in the pool. But don't be so American and mercenary," he said with superior, feigned disgust. "Be English. And look here; subjecting the financial loss of twelve hundred dollars or so to the inconvenience of being without shirt buttons isn't the only higher idea—notion, I mean—which has filtered down to me from the superior English intellect."

"No?" asked the girl.

"No. The other is that there is actually no reason to believe that I didn't hold up that bank and knock his senses out of the cashier at Applestone; and certainly, *certainly* no reason for you to believe I didn't do it. You needn't laugh now. I'll demonstrate.

"Did you know me—or, rather, did your ancestors, as far as we know, know mine in the days of Ethelwolf, the Saxon? No. Did yours know mine any time before the Conquest or even in our own Colonial days? No. Did you even know me before we met in England this summer? No. Then how is it conceivable that you should feel at all certain, from merely being thrown daily with me for three weeks or so, that I probably did *not* do that ungentlemanly little business at Applestone two months ago?

Something Made Her Apprehensive and Stopped Her Sensing the Pages She Turned as She Tried to Read

"For a short time yesterday afternoon, Miss Varris, when I was appearing at my best before my cabin-mate, I really believe it might have been almost an open question with him whether or not I was concerned in that business, in spite of the falsity of my alibi. And then I spoiled it all by admitting how I met you only this summer and you really knew, therefore, absolutely nothing about me. And this morning——"

"Yes," the girl said impatiently, "this morning?"

"You know," Preston said, "that the pool was paid yesterday in bank-notes. I suppose I might have given it to the purser; but I just put it, with my other currency and my watch, under my pillow.

"Well, first thing this morning, when bath steward knocks me up, I find old Dunneston poking all about the floor, under the lounge and even into the wash-basin.

"I asked him what the racket was, and he took a last gaze under the towel-rack and then felt in all the shoes.

"'Really, Mr. Preston,' he started off—and you know how he says it—'Really, Mr. Preston, I dislike to mention it after the—aw—unfortunate coincidence you—aw—suffered at Applestone; but actually, you know, my cuff and shirt buttons have quite vanished.'

"After such an overture, I had to laugh a little. 'That all?' I asked.

"'Oh, I believe my watch and some forty pounds or so may be gone, too,' he said, as though it were bad form or un-English—which is the same thing—to be particular about such trifles; 'but one has no great need for a watch aboard ship, and I can cash credit for necessary funds. But really, you know, I can't manage without shirt buttons, unless,' and he picked up a gleam of hope at last, 'do you think the barber might carry them?'

"'I certainly hope so,' I said earnestly, but probably without the proper enthusiasm, as I felt for my own things.

"'Hello!' I said. 'Mine are gone, too!'

"'No,' he said in a hurt tone. 'Yours are all here.'

"'Where?' I asked.

"'There in your shirt—mine were all drawn out,' he wailed, as though they were his teeth.

"'Oh, your studs and buttons,' I laughed at him. 'I mean my watch and money is gone, too.'

"'Of course,' he said, in a matter-of-fact way, as though it were part of the ship's drill to remove a watch and a thousand dollars from every berth, 'but your buttons are here.'

"I really thought he would cry, so I jumped down and rang the bell.

"'Steward—aw—steward,' I let Dunneston go at it first. 'Do you know, steward,' he asked anxiously, 'whether the barber could furnish—aw—cuff and shirt buttons? I seem to have brought only the one set and they are quite gone, steward. You need fetch only the sleeve buttons now. I sha'n't require the others till evening, steward.'

"'Steward!' I called as soon as I recovered. 'Wait a minute, steward. Do you know whether the barber—I mean, steward, my watch and about twelve hundred dollars, or two hundred pounds and some over, were taken from my berth last night, steward!'

"Looked at least for interest out of him; but, of course, he was English, too.

"'Thank you, sir; very good, sir,' he said respectfully enough; 'but I must get this gentleman his sleeve buttons first, sir,' he pointed out.

"But I'm not asking for hot water or—sleeve buttons, steward,' I said as calmly as I could. 'I tell you my watch and over a thousand dollars, or two hundred of your crazy pounds, were stolen from me last night.'

"'Very good, sir,' I got out of him as respectfully as before, but a little more patiently that time. 'But this gentleman spoke to me first.'

"'Oh, of course, steward,' I apologized, falling in with their mood as gracefully as I could. 'Excuse me. Of course he ordered first. But bring along my thousand—I mean my two hundred pounds—as soon as you can, steward.'

"He agreed affably and started off; but he slipped up on his national training somewhere, for pretty soon he was back, without the pool, of course, but with the head steward, the foot steward, the table and deck stewards, the purser and about every other higher authority except the chef. But what's the matter, Miss Varris?" Preston asked suddenly, as he watched the girl. "What is it?"

The girl was rubbing her gloved hands together, as though she were washing them, and feeling her fingers beneath the kid; and suddenly, too, she caught at her breast and throat. She paled an instant and then forced a smile.

"Oh—nothing," she said. "I beg your pardon. You were saying the stewards and the purser—what did they do?"

"They asked us to refer it to the captain at ten o'clock this morning," Preston answered mechanically, still watching her. "But I'm afraid Dunneston's lost interest. The purser has lent him sleeve buttons and promised him the studs, too, if he can't recover his own before night. But what is it, Miss Varris?"

She smiled feebly. "I was wondering," she said bravely, "if—it might not—help the interest in this if he knew that—the French chamois jewel-bag which I was wearing around my neck was cut away last night, I believe, and—the two rings I was wearing were taken from my fingers then, too. And, Mr. Preston," she asked, "doesn't chloroform or some other anesthetic give you a little queerness and—headache in the morning?"

"You mean," Preston started, his hands clenching, "you were chloroformed and robbed last night? Why, this——"

"Look!" the girl interrupted. "Here comes your English friend now. Why, really," she went on lightly, "he seems interested!"

"Good-morning," the Englishman bowed deliberately to the girl. "Aw—Mr. Preston," he said, trying to restrain his own curiosity, "the captain was sending down to our cabin not a moment ago for you and me. It seems that—

aw—he has just received a 'wireless' communication from shore."

"About what?" Preston inquired. "What's up?"

"It is believed," the Englishman replied cautiously, "that—aw—Manling is on board this ship."

"Manling?" Preston cried. "The Kensington crook? Did you say the captain has received a message that Manling, the Kensington crook, sailed with us?" he repeated. He turned to the girl with a gesture of explanation and told the girl's story hurriedly to Dunneston.

"Come," he offered to the Englishman finally as he held out his hand, "when it was just a matter of the pool and my things, really you were such a—I mean so funny about your old studs that I confess I thought you did it; and you made no bones about thinking I was equal to that Applestone business and, by inference, also to this. But now ——"

The Englishman waved away the apology magnanimously.

"Of course," he said. "But really this promises to be quite interesting—quite, does it not? And I was rather expecting a dull passage, too, d'ye know? But come, Mr. Preston. We must report to the captain; sha'n't we report also for you, Miss Varris?"

"The Hibernia Relayed it. Six Feet, Dark Hair and Eyes; Gray Clothes"

That day the following bulletin was posted on the ship:

In view of the alarming reports which have spread over the ship in consequence of the occurrences in the first cabin last evening, and to suggest an action which can be taken by the gentlemen, the passengers of the first cabin will kindly assemble in the main dining-saloon at nine this evening, by request of THE CAPTAIN.

The bulletin had left no place vacant when at nine o'clock young Preston and Dunneston accompanied the captain to the end of the long saloon.

"I have assembled you here," the captain began briskly at once, "not to soothe you with false assurances, but to acquaint you truthfully with the situation which faces us, that we may, therefore, the most effectively deal with it.

"I make no secret," he continued, after a brief recount of the events of the night before, "that I believe that Manling, the Kensington crook, whom the police have informed me by 'wireless' most probably sailed upon this ship from Southampton, is on board here with us and was the agent of the robberies in the first cabin last night.

"I make no secret, either, of the fact that I have now absolutely no clew to his identity or description—other than," he qualified, "it is practically certain that he is now present before me as one of you, the first-cabin passengers.

"I have a plan by which I hope to ascertain that surely in a moment or two," he went on calmly, while those in the cabin raised themselves in the seats and glanced about, and a few laughed nervously; "but it is enough now to say that not only do the police believe he shipped first cabin, and must have boarded when we were receiving only first-cabin passengers, but also the known peculiarities—or rather the particularities—of Mr. Manling really preclude that he would have sailed with us in any other class."

Three-quarters of the saloon now lifted themselves in their seats and the nervous laughter and whispering became general.

"Knowing, then," the captain went on, "that we have on board with us a man who successfully robbed two gentlemen in one cabin of almost everything of value without awaking either or leaving a clew, and who also must have forced the lock of one of the ladies' cabins and evidently chloroformed the occupant while he removed not only the jewel-bag she wore, but even the rings from her fingers; and knowing also that Manling, the Kensington crook, who began his career less than two months ago, and during all that time has been robbing with successful insolence and immunity under the very noses of our police—knowing that he is probably on board with us and must continue one of us till we land, you will appreciate the situation which faces the officers of the ship.

"Manling is, as the Standard has well put it, you know, known rather by a series of extraordinarily simple but perhaps even more extraordinarily audacious and effective, robberies than as a man.

"The police have called him Manling, you know, because when he sends his impudent explanations to them of his operations—after they are over—he uses that name. Also when the more personal objects which he takes in his hauls are returned by post, the same name in the same hand has accompanied them. He has been called the Kensington crook merely because he began in Kensington two months ago, but has since, apparently, operated impartially throughout England.

"As I said, he has always carried through successfully, and almost always with really laughable simplicity, the apparently most difficult and daring projects under the very noses of our police. He has apparently feared detection so little that he has most recently taken to inviting it before he has committed his latest robberies; and then, when the forces of detection are upon him, he has actually used them to make his escape.

"It has been said that he likes dangerous and delicate situations so much that he creates them for himself for the pleasure of the sensation in extricating himself from them; but, as he has invariably extricated from those delicate situations which he has created so much more than himself, I do not press that view of Mr. Manling.

"But I can safely press the view that—unless this ship suddenly develops abilities exceeding the officers of the dozen special details which have been pursuing Mr. Manling unsuccessfully for the past two months—Mr. Manling will calmly proceed nightly toward taking from us whatever he fancies and walk off the dock at New York unmolested.

"For, though there is no doubt that our special-service men will make an effort to apprehend him at New York, they now know about him only that he evidently desired leaving England because they have found his latest hauls very hurriedly disposed of. They then traced him to Southampton, but all the rest they know is that the very day we sailed a distinctly Manlingesque haul was made, and all the articles taken were immediately disposed of—with the exception," the captain concluded appreciatively after a pause, "that the new leather traveling-box and the rug, which had just been delivered unmarked from a London dealer, were evidently packed in the robbed apartments and were taken from there in daylight and placed with the first-cabin luggage to be delivered upon this ship.

"And when, having just received this message, these gentlemen came with their reports, which you now all know"—the captain indicated Preston and Dunneston—"I need not excuse further my willingness to have laid before you the perhaps extraordinary proposition which you will now hear—but a proposition which, indeed, it would be difficult to better, considering all the features of the extraordinary man, Manling, and the situation he brings face to face with us."

The laugh which broke out became general, and there were anticipatory cries of "Hear, hear!" from the smoking-room crowd in the rear, as the captain spoke a word to Dunneston, and the Englishman arose.

"I thought that my friends who have been in on our little pools in the smoking-room," the Englishman began gratifiedly, "would appreciate the extraordinarily interesting elements in this situation which, as the captain says, faces us—I may say.

"When the captain, after Mr. Preston and I made our report, was talking the matter over a bit with us, we made a suggestion to him which he was good enough to be so interested in that he wished us to lay it before you.

"The information we have of Mr. Manling, which is the basis of the suggestion, is about what the captain has just given you, with the sole, but really very essential, addition that, though Mr. Manling has operated in very tight places, he has never been known to injure any person. From the stories I had previously heard of Mr. Manling, I at first doubted whether, indeed, it was Manling who was on board when I was told that he had probably chloroformed the young lady he—aw—relieved of her rings and things last night.

"But, instead of this militating against my suggestion as I first put it to the captain, Mr. Preston has rightly pointed out that the fact that the man—Manling or otherwise—whom we have on board might have used an anesthetic, is the strongest argument for the adoption of the suggestion.

"The robbery of the pool, of course, first suggested it to me, and the other robbery then developed it—with Mr. Preston's aid. It was suggested to me first as a distinctly sporting proposition, which would add the keenest possible interest to our pools, and was developed then as a still keener sporting proposition for us—the gentlemen of the ship who have been concerned in the pools. I mean the proposition of utilizing our pools not only as a source of sport to ourselves, but of making them a source of security and a means of protection to the ladies. But—aw—Mr. Preston can lay it before you better than I."

"It is, in short," Preston explained rapidly, as he arose, "that, as Mr. Manling stole the pool last night, we propose to him that he hereafter—as long as he is left to steal among us—steal only the pools; and that we, on our side of the proposition, offer him each night pools to steal.

"Understand, gentlemen," Preston cried, as he saw the start which greeted him. "The captain has suggested slightly to you the—at least humiliating and embarrassing, if not positively dangerous—situation which faces us now. Undoubtedly the police are making every effort to collect information which they can send by 'wireless' or cable across to catch Mr. Manling when he lands. But the captain has given you Mr. Manling's record; and Mr. Manling himself has given us full evidence that he feels confident not only of extricating himself from this ship, but also of extricating a good deal of our property with him.

"There is one other way of trying to check Mr. Manling—and you can easily imagine the humiliation it would entail upon us all; moreover, there is little chance that, against Manling, it would be effective. If he could enter a locked cabin last night, he can again; and if he stole the pool last night, he might steal it again, anyway.

"Our proposition is that, instead of trying to make it more difficult for him to steal at all, we leave it easy for him; only confining him to stealing the pools.

"Mr. Manling himself could scarcely suggest a fairer proposition, as this offers him a crib to crack worth a thousand dollars, or two hundred pounds, daily—or nightly; nor could we, as Mr. Dunneston has pointed out, easily attach a keener sporting element to our pools, the loss of which would really hit no one directly, as we all contribute to it; nor could we in any other way more safely or easily insure the security of the ladies.

"This means, of course, that we shall each night run up the pools to at least four thousand shillings, as we have

(Continued on Page 20)

"These Big 'Wireless' Boats," She Said Sympathetically, "Never Let One Get Away from Trouble, Even at Sea"

EBB-TIDE IN WATERED STOCK

The Menace of Overcapitalization and How it is Being Checked

By Isaac F. Marcosson

A CHICAGO capitalist once said: "I don't believe in buying other people's securities. When I want some I manufacture them myself, and then sell them to the other fellow."

His recipe was the recipe for watered stock as usually prescribed by the plausible "wild-catter," consisting of three parts water and one part value. Often the profits dissolve in the water. But this small detail has offered no check to the flood of water which has inundated American corporation finance, swelling capitalization to the point where it is dangerous. The flood has now begun to ebb, but this was not until indignant public protest demanded a halt and a show-down of actual values.

"We are squeezing out the water now," says High Finance with virtuous zeal.

"Yes," says the Public, which has been tapping the water-barrel these many years, "but shrunken values remain."

High Finance got the profits and the Public, as usual, paid the tankage.

You hear and read a lot about overcapitalization, which is just another name for good old-fashioned watered stock. It is a process as ancient as the shell-game, and that is believed to have been practiced by the Egyptians of old.

The Original Trough

THE phrase, as we have come to know it, is said to have originated with Daniel Drew, the Arch-Manipulator of Wall Street in the time when he, Jim Fisk and Jay Gould, in turn, used the Erie Railroad as a plaything in the juggle for millions.

Drew, or "Uncle Daniel," as he was called, was once a drover, and he brought his cattle over the mountains from Virginia and Kentucky. By the time the cattle got East, they were pretty thin. So "Uncle Daniel," who was a shrewd person, filled them up with water just before he sold them, so that they would look big. This was a sure-enough inflated value.

While engaged in this occupation, some one asked him what he was doing, whereupon he replied, with a twinkle in his eye:

"Watering stock."

He did the same with Erie stock, and he took just about as much time. When he, or his fellow-conspirators, wanted to play tag with the market, or with each other, as was frequently the case, they had a few millions in Erie stock certificates engraved over night, and dumped them on the people the next day. For the purpose of manipulation they ran up the Erie stock from twelve million dollars to seventy-two million dollars.

In those days this was swift and high-handed capitalization. But "Uncle Daniel" and his colleagues only knew the A B C of the game. Their largest vision never comprehended the stupendous scale on which it could be played. Their millions have become billions. Capitalization has been piled on capitalization until the market-place almost runs with water.

What is watered stock? When you attempt to find out just what it is, you get so many definitions that you are apt to become dizzy. It all depends upon whom you ask and what it has cost the person who is telling you.

Ask Wall Street, and it looks horror-struck and says:

"There is no such thing."

This is the kind of humor which has cost the investor millions of dollars.

In the first place, a share of stock is a certificate of ownership in a business or railroad. It is supposed to be paid for, and the proceeds used in the interest of that business, or for its legitimate stockholders. The man who buys it naturally expects it to represent something concrete. Next, we come to capitalization, which, in simple terms, is the total amount of outstanding stocks and bonds of a corporation.

The Best Selling Variety

BUT capitalization, like some railroad reports, covers a multitude of corporate sins, and the greatest of these is "water." Logically, watered stock is stock that does not represent money actually invested in the property. It is a sort of fiction of finance, and, like that other kind of fiction, is of the "best selling" variety.

One of the favorite preliminaries to watering stock is to conceal profits, which permits promoters to juggle with the returns. Originally watered stock was a bonus for builders or financiers of railroads, or the buyers of bonds. Or it could be used to capitalize construction accounts of no value, of temporary values, or anything from a desk to the imagination.

The business man, with his old-time notions of honesty, might believe that capitalization should be based on actual investment, or as near this as possible; but to-day the foxy promoter and his first aid and ally, the astute financier, believe in capitalizing earning capacity raised to its highest notch. This means capitalizing future prospects or prosperity. But, by any name, watering stock is practically a bunco proposition, as far as the investor is concerned.

And here enters the matter of dividends.

When capital is strung out, as, for example, in consolidations in which the weak sisters go in with the strong, and every asset, physical or imaginary, comes in on the same basis, it means the spreading out of dividends over such a vast area that sometimes to the individual stockholder there is no dividend at all. Incidentally, a monopoly is sometimes created, and the price of the product goes up. So the public pays both ways.

"Earnings must go back into the property," says the promoter. "Therefore, we must have more capital."

The earnings have always been "going back," and the stockholder, confused by the puzzle of railroad reports, might just as well try to read Hindu as to try to find out what is being done. Overcapitalization, therefore, as more than one eminent financial authority has seen it, means, on the one hand, the perverting of earnings to the payment of construction work, and, on the other hand, the applying of capital, which should do the work of construction, to dividends on unnecessary stock.

Unavoidably you reach the conclusion from this that less water and more dividends would be more advantageous to the health and the pocketbook of stockholders generally.

Thus, for years a colossal scheme of irrigation has been going on: watering the dry places and sometimes places that did not exist. Then came events like the insurance investigation, the railroad rate agitation and the Harriman examination, suddenly, and public interest was focused on this great evil in American finance, which had been permitted to grow while the people looked on and paid for the game.

Whichever way you turn in corporation finance you see the water-pipe sticking out. Take first of all the United States Steel Corporation, which ranks to-day as a sort of Father of Waters. Its story of billion-dollar capitalization, its merging of many industries all capitalized on a lavish scale of highest earning capacity, is an oft-told tale. Slowly, very slowly, its prosperity is squeezing out the great mass of water on which it was floated.

The promoters of this gigantic dream of industrial empire, including J. P. Morgan and others, got their fees in huge blocks of stock. But this stock long since left their hands. It is now owned by the investors. It is one of the rules of the watered-stock game, as now played, that those who direct it shall not remain the keepers of the watered stock. Thus, should lean years come, they do not hold what has become worthless even to them.

Take the famous Alton deal, in which E. H. Harriman turned the stream on a conservative old road. He increased capitalization until it almost overflowed and floated mortgages. He bought the bonds at low prices and sold them to the public at a higher price. He got the money coming and going. This is the way of water—if you hold the hose.

New York's Traction Capitalization

MANY other cases could be cited with which the public is more or less familiar. Let us take, for example, one that has nearly driven to insanity many who have tried to disentangle its details—the New York traction capitalization, which, as a specimen of stock-watering, possibly ranks first in the story of American finance because of its originality and the daring of its methods, and which is second only in volume to that of the Steel Corporation. Originating in the brain of the late W. C. Whitney, it reached its perfection as an achievement under the management of Thomas F. Ryan and August Belmont.

This monster capitalization, amounting to more than half a billion dollars, was developed along the lines set down by Charles T. Yerkes, of Chicago.

Yerkes believed that traction earnings should increase ten per cent. each and every year, and he increased his capital accordingly.

"Let the city grow up to it," he said. If the city didn't grow up to it, it was not his fault. The capital did its part.

So with New York; but in a bigger and more brazen way. Originally there were a number of independent street-car lines in that city, whose franchises had been given away to the promoters. An era of consolidation began. Each road had originally been copiously watered. But, every time a new road joined the procession, there was another water carnival to float the new issue of stock. This process has been repeated so often that historians have almost lost count. Every time a pretense could be devised, the tank taps were opened.

In Manhattan, curiously enough, there are still some horse-car lines which furnish a provincial service with antiquated equipment. Yet these sixth-rate lines are capitalized, along with the elevated and electric lines, at about one million dollars a mile. The wildest calculation based on actual values could not figure out the value per

mile at more than twenty-five thousand dollars, and for double track at that.

Over on what is called the "East Side" is the old Third Avenue line, which operates on thirteen miles of track. This line is capitalized at about four million dollars a mile, after many years of industrious watering. Contrast this capitalization with some of the great railway systems, like the Burlington, which is capitalized at slightly over thirty thousand dollars a mile.

A favorite way of rolling up the huge New York capitalization was to capitalize parts of the equipment which usually were either in the scrap-heap, or due there, as well as franchises which had cost nothing save the price of the corruption which put them through legislatures and councils.

After the traction promoters in New York had unloaded millions of watered stock at inflated values, by merging the elevated lines and the surface lines, they thought it was time to do some more watering. Besides, they wanted to clinch their control on the properties. So they leased the entire Metropolitan system to a little road known as the Interurban, which ran a few cars in the northern suburbs. The name was then changed to the New York Street Railway Company, and this meant more water.

Then a corporation called the Metropolitan Securities Company was formed to take over the New York Street Railway Company. This meant still more water. These two steps alone added about forty million dollars to the "capitalization."

Next came the subway, which afforded some excellent opportunities for the stock-watering experts. The long tube underground proved to be a veritable grand trunk water-line. The subway had been built by the city of New York out of the proceeds of bonds, and leased to the contractor, who assigned his lease to the traction magnates. They, in turn, capitalized the lease and the subway equipment, pumping about ten million dollars' worth of water into a company which was called the Interborough.

Some time now passed without any more watering. Fearing that the source might dry up, the magnates thought it time to get busy again. So a great merger was effected combining the Interborough and the Metropolitan. You will understand that the best of the traditions were maintained in this new scheme when it is stated that seventy million dollars' worth of bonds and thirty-four million dollars' worth of stock replaced the Interborough's original thirty-five million dollars of securities.

This grand total of capitalization now amounts to five hundred and thirteen million dollars, or five times the amount of stock of the Standard Oil Company.

Water in Railroad Stock

THE Interstate Commerce Commission reports that the total capitalization of American railroads is $13,805,258,121, which is equivalent to a capitalization of $65,926 a mile. Of this capitalization 37.16 per cent. paid no dividend. How much of this is water no man knows.

Recent investigation, however, may indicate what would happen if the probe were pushed in deep. The Minnesota State Senate appointed a committee to make a valuation of the railroad property in that State. The committee reported that the valuation, according to the standards and tests applied by the committee, was two hundred and fifteen million dollars, or twenty-seven thousand dollars a mile. The capitalization of these roads was four hundred million dollars, or fifty thousand dollars a mile. Now, the total difference between these amounts does not necessarily mean water, because future needs of some of the roads must be considered, and the enhanced value of some of the big terminals put up the real values to a figure beyond that named by the committee.

But this report had some remarkable figures concerning the Chicago and Great Western Railroad. That road was capitalized at one hundred and forty-three thousand dollars a mile, yet its valuation, according to the committee, was twenty-eight thousand dollars a mile. When A. B. Stickney, the president of the road, was questioned about the matter, he said:

"I guess there is a good deal of what is called water in this stock."

It is the same, probably, with the Union Pacific, the Southern, or any of a dozen railroads that might be cited.

Some States put safeguards about capitalization, notably Massachusetts. Her safeguards touch at the crucial point of the whole matter, for they limit capitalization to actual investment. All stock issues are investigated by the State Railroad Commissioners. Stock cannot be given away as bonus, which checks a time-honored watering scheme. In brief, the whole aim of these laws is to limit capitalization to the amount of the investment and to obtain the fullest and most specific publicity with regard to financial plans and operations. As a result, most of the roads in that State have been built out of the sale of stocks which have a stable value. The earnings of the road are utilized for improvements: not put into dividends on watered stock.

But let us see what has happened in Massachusetts. In a message to the legislature of that State, Governor Guild made the following statement:

The crying evil in Massachusetts is lack of sufficient trackage on trunk lines to handle through freights and to provide for even more shipments. The failure to build such tracks, the lack of interest of investors in providing the means for such facilities, is a basic fact in the present unsatisfactory condition of transportation in Massachusetts.

His message further showed that, in the last ten years, only ten miles of third track, seventeen miles of fourth track and two hundred and seventeen miles of siding had been added to the State's mileage. Yet the lines were "overwhelmed with traffic."

Which goes to show, first, that Massachusetts' capital has sought watered pastures elsewhere; second, and what is more to the point here, that railroads will not build when they are not permitted to pump in water.

What Hill and Harriman Say

WHEN you ask Mr. Harriman about watered stock, he looks at you charitably, almost pityingly, through his gleaming glasses, tugs at his straggling goatee and lets loose a bombardment of figures.

"Hasn't capitalization helped railroads, and haven't railroads helped the communities?" he asks. And then comes another fusillade of figures that makes your head swim. Somehow you begin dimly to remember that ancient story about the man who said: "There are three kinds of lies: white lies, black lies—and statistics."

Ask James J. Hill, and he searches you with his piercing eyes and says:

"Why shouldn't railroads capitalize the future growth of the territory they traverse? The country will grow up to it."

Ask any railroad president, and you will get about the same reply. They all seem to have learned the lesson in the same school, for they all say: "I don't know what water is, but that thing which was called water ten years ago is actual value now. What may be water to-day may be value to-morrow. Railroads must have capitalization."

Ask Wall Street, and it will tell you that, if there is such a thing as water, the New York Stock Exchange, the arbiter of values, will squeeze it out and save the public from a drenching. But sometimes the Exchange itself has been soaked.

England gives us some lessons with regard to the protection of capitalization. The average capitalization of English railways is about two hundred and seventy-two thousand dollars a mile, which is four times the amount of capitalization per mile in the United States. This large excess is due to the immense cost of rights-of-way over there, the price per mile for this being frequently seventy thousand dollars. In this country, the railroads are not often required to pay for this item. Sometimes, in addition to the right-of-way being given away, vast tracts of land were thrown in. The construction of English railroads costs more than ours as a rule. English roads are laid down with masonry and granite and do not have to be renewed as often as do ours.

England does not encourage stock-watering, and the long and elaborate process necessary to secure increased capitalization discourages inflation schemes. If an English railroad wants to increase its capital it must first show that the capital is to go into construction, and then submit the specific details to the shareholders for ratification. These shareholders are called "proprietors," and they are just what the name implies: the real owners of the English railroads. They attend meetings and take a lively interest in the affairs of the company. When three-fourths of the proprietors approve the plan for increased capitalization it is submitted to Parliament, where a committee makes further investigation of the use of the proposed increase. When this official sanction is obtained, the matter goes back to the shareholders for final approval, and, if that is favorable, the stock is issued.

All English capitalization is for improvement and construction. The earnings go to the stockholders, which is different from the American method of applying earnings to construction.

There is little or no "one-man power"—as exemplified here in Harriman—in the conduct of English railroads. Stock is widely distributed, and no huge blocks are held by one person. It would take months there to get together one hundred thousand shares.

Much of the clever manipulation of American watered stock has been made possible by the system of keeping railroad accounts. Under its complicated and mysterious workings everything may be "capitalized."

If a new switch is built, for example, the cost of it, the time consumed in building it, the use of engines and cars in hauling the materials, all is charged to "betterment," or, in other words, "capitalized." It is not "written off" the books as would be the case in a commercial house keeping straightforward books. That switch account will remain indefinitely as "capital."

The same is true of rolling stock which has been consigned to the scrap-heap. Even office furniture has been known to have been capitalized in this way. Yet stocks, bonds and notes are issued against this worn-out stuff. The holders, in the cases of bonds and notes, think they have a mortgage on real stuff, too.

There is a paragraph in the report of that Minnesota investigating committee already referred to which has a significance here. It reads as follows:

No allowance has been made in the accounts of this company for extinguishment by lapses of time. In the cost account of the Chicago and Great Western at full values are locomotives over a quarter-century old that have long since been in the scrap-pile.

No wonder the stockholder looks in vain to railroad reports for a statement of "what's what" in corporate finance.

But the stock-watering flim-flam and the deception by means of complicated railroad accounting has reached the turning point. The abuse of corporate power, particularly with regard to the manipulation and inflation of stocks, which began with the railroads, will doubtless come to an end, or near it, with its abuse by the railroads.

For, along with the agitation of the rebate and rate question, there has come an inquiry into capitalization; not that rates have anything to do with capitalization, but because the railroad body was afflicted with so many weak spots. An issue has now been made upon the point of a real valuation of our vast railroad properties, which form the bulk of investment securities.

"Valuation will mean industrial disaster and play havoc with values," says Corporation Finance.

"Yes," replies the Public. "But it's time we knew where we stood."

Yet the men who have a constructive interest in American finance and investment do not hesitate to say that, if there is to be a valuation (and all signs point that way), it should be a uniform Federal valuation rather than a valuation made by the separate States.

The State valuation would permit politicians to vent their personal spite against great and useful corporations.

The valuation approved by conservative financiers is one that should not be retroactive, but one that should establish a basis for future capitalization only. The lines suggested for this valuation are as follows:

No adjustment of present capitalization, which would, therefore, not disturb present values.

A valuation that should take into consideration not only original cost and earning power now, but also the prospective increase in value of real property owned.

Whatever changes are recommended should apply to the future and not to the past.

A Step in the Right Direction

WHAT has already happened? For one thing, the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad has begun a physical valuation of its entire system, under the direction of John F. Stevens, who was formerly chief engineer of the Panama Canal, and this of itself is significant evidence of the activity of the new railroad conscience.

None the less, cynical Wall Street smiles when it views the action of the New Haven road, and says: "The road knows it is safe on the subject of capitalization, and the report will give its securities a good boost."

Be that as it may, the fact remains that the example set by a great railroad in yielding to public protest is a striking one.

Another very important step taken to check overcapitalization and safeguard the people is in the new system of railroad accounting established by the Interstate Commerce Commission, which recently went into effect.

Under the new system there must be specific accounting. This relegates to the rear the favorite old blanket item of "miscellaneous expenses," which covered a variety of misdeeds ranging from diverted profits to private dinners.

The item of "operating expenses," which has been the carry-all for every conceivable kind of expenditure, legitimate and illegitimate, is divided into maintenance of way and equipment, traffic, transportation and general expenses. But all must be specified. In other words, the Commission seeks to establish by this new system a concrete accounting of just what a railroad is doing and what its money is being used for.

The final remedy, therefore, for stock-watering and overcapitalization, seems to rest upon the following:

1. Honesty and publicity in railroad accounting.

2. The active interest and coöperation of the stockholder in the corporation whose securities he owns.

3. Investigation and publicity of the capitalization plans of every corporation seeking a charter, or desiring to increase its capital.

4. Restricting capitalization to a basis of actual investment; to increased values conservatively estimated; and to earning capacity still more conservatively estimated and based on the net average income of a number of years.

THE RANSOM OF RED CHIEF

The Tale of a Reformed Kidnaper

By O. HENRY

IT LOOKED like a good thing: but wait till I tell you. We were down South, in Alabama—Bill Driscoll and myself—when this kidnaping idea struck us. It was, as Bill afterward expressed it, "during a moment of temporary mental apparition"; but we didn't find that out till later.

There was a town down there, as flat as a flannel-cake, and called Summit, of course. It contained inhabitants of as undeleterious and self-satisfied a class of peasantry as ever clustered around a Maypole.

Bill and me had a joint capital of about six hundred dollars, and we needed just two thousand dollars more to pull off a fraudulent town-lot scheme in Western Illinois with. We talked it over on the front steps of the hotel. Philoprogenitiveness, says we, is strong in semi-rural communities; therefore, and for other reasons, a kidnaping project ought to do better there than in the radius of newspapers that send reporters out in plain clothes to stir up talk about such things. We knew that Summit couldn't get after us with anything stronger than constables and, maybe, some lackadaisical bloodhounds and a diatribe or two in the Weekly Farmers' Budget. So, it looked good.

We selected for our victim the only child of a prominent citizen named Ebenezer Dorset. The father was respectable and tight, a mortgage fancier and a stern, upright collection-plate passer and forecloser. The kid was a boy of ten, with bas-relief freckles, and hair the color of the cover of the magazine you buy at the news-stand when you want to catch a train. Bill and me figured that Ebenezer would melt down for a ransom of two thousand dollars to a cent. But wait till I tell you.

From That Moment Bill's Spirit was Broken

About two miles from Summit was a little mountain, covered with a dense cedar brake. On the rear elevation of this mountain was a cave. There we stored provisions.

One evening after sundown, we drove in a buggy past old Dorset's house. The kid was in the street, throwing rocks at a kitten on the opposite fence.

"Hey, little boy!" says Bill, "would you like to have a bag of candy and a nice ride?"

The boy catches Bill neatly in the eye with a piece of brick.

"That will cost the old man an extra five hundred dollars," says Bill, climbing over the wheel.

That boy put up a fight like a welter-weight cinnamon bear; but, at last, we got him down in the bottom of the buggy and drove away. We took him up to the cave, and I hitched the horse in the cedar brake. After dark I drove the buggy to the little village, three miles away, where we had hired it, and walked back to the mountain.

Bill was pasting court-plaster over the scratches and bruises on his features. There was a fire burning behind the big rock at the entrance of the cave, and the boy was watching a pot of boiling coffee, with two buzzard tail-feathers stuck in his red hair. He points a stick at me when I come up, and says:

"Ha! cursed paleface, do you dare to enter the camp of Red Chief, the terror of the plains?"

"He's all right now," says Bill, rolling up his trousers and examining some bruises on his shins. "We're playing Indian. We're making Buffalo Bill's show look like magic-lantern views of Palestine in the town hall. I'm Old Hank, the Trapper, Red Chief's captive, and I'm to be scalped at daybreak. By Geronimo! that kid can kick hard."

Yes, sir, that boy seemed to be having the time of his life. The fun of camping out in a cave had made him forget that he was a captive himself. He immediately christened me Snake-eye, the Spy, and announced that, when his braves returned from the warpath, I was to be broiled at the stake at the rising of the sun.

Then we had supper; and he filled his mouth full of bacon and bread and gravy, and began to talk. He made a during-dinner speech something like this:

"I like this fine. I never camped out before; but I had a pet 'possum once, and I was nine last birthday. I hate to go to school. Rats ate up sixteen of Jimmy Talbot's aunt's speckled hen's eggs. Are there any real Indians in these woods? I want some more gravy. Does the trees moving make the wind blow? We had five puppies. What makes your nose so red, Hank? My father has lots of money. Are the stars hot? I whipped Ed Walker twice, Saturday. I don't like girls. You dassent catch toads unless with a string. Do oxen make any noise? Why are oranges round? Have you got beds to sleep on in this cave? Amos Murray has got six toes. A parrot can talk, but a monkey or a fish can't. How many does it take to make twelve?"

Every few minutes he would remember that he was a pesky redskin, and pick up his stick rifle and tiptoe to the mouth of the cave to rubber for the scouts of the hated paleface. Now and then he would let out a war-whoop that made Old Hank, the Trapper, shiver. That boy had Bill terrorized from the start.

"Red Chief," says I to the kid, "would you like to go home?"

"Aw, what for?" says he. "I don't have any fun at home. I hate to go to school. I like to camp out. You won't take me back home again, Snake-eye, will you?"

"Not right away," says I. "We'll stay here in the cave a while."

"All right!" says he. "That'll be fine. I never had such fun in all my life."

We went to bed about eleven o'clock. We spread down some wide blankets and quilts and put Red Chief between us. We weren't afraid he'd run away. He kept us awake for three hours, jumping up and reaching for his rifle and screeching: "Hist! pard," in mine and Bill's ears, as the fancied crackle of a twig or the rustle of a leaf revealed to his young imagination the stealthy approach of the outlaw band. At last, I fell into a troubled sleep, and dreamed that I had been kidnaped and chained to a tree by a ferocious pirate with red hair.

Just at daybreak, I was awakened by a series of awful screams from Bill. They weren't yells, or howls, or shouts, or whoops, or yawps, such as you'd expect from a manly set of vocal organs—they were simply indecent, terrifying, humiliating screams, such as women emit when they see ghosts or caterpillars. It's an awful thing to hear a strong, desperate, fat man scream incontinently in a cave at daybreak.

I jumped up to see what the matter was. Red Chief was sitting on Bill's chest, with one hand twined in Bill's hair. In the other he had the sharp case-knife we used for slicing bacon; and he was industriously and realistically trying to take Bill's scalp, according to the sentence that had been pronounced upon him the evening before.

I got the knife away from the kid and made him lie down again. But, from that moment, Bill's spirit was broken. He laid down on his side of the bed, but he never closed an eye again in sleep as long as that boy was with us. I dozed off for a while, but along toward sun-up I remembered that Red Chief had said I was to be burned at the stake at the rising of the sun. I wasn't nervous or afraid; but I sat up and lit my pipe and leaned against a rock.

"What you getting up so soon for, Sam?" asked Bill.

"Me?" says I. "Oh, I got a kind of a pain in my shoulder. I thought sitting up would rest it."

"You're a liar!" says Bill. "You're afraid. You was to be burned at sunrise, and you was afraid he'd do it. And he would, too, if he could find a match. Ain't it awful, Sam? Do you think anybody will pay out money to get a little imp like that back home?"

"Sure," said I. "A rowdy kid like that is just the kind that parents dote on. Now, you and the Chief get up and cook breakfast, while I go up on the top of this mountain and reconnoitre."

I went up on the peak of the little mountain and ran my eye over the contiguous vicinity. Over toward Summit I expected to see the sturdy yeomanry of the village armed with scythes and pitchforks beating the countryside for

the dastardly kidnapers. But what I saw was a peaceful landscape dotted with one man plowing with a dun mule. Nobody was dragging the creek; no couriers dashed hither and yon, bringing tidings of no news to the distracted parents. There was a sylvan attitude of somnolent sleepiness pervading that section of the external outward surface of Alabama that lay exposed to my view. "Perhaps," says I to myself, "it has not yet been discovered that the wolves have borne away the tender lambkin from the fold. Heaven help the wolves!" says I, and I went down the mountain to breakfast.

When I got to the cave I found Bill backed up against the side of it, breathing hard, and the boy threatening to smash him with a rock half as big as a cocoanut.

"He put a red-hot boiled potato down my back," explained Bill, "and then mashed it with his foot; and I boxed his ears. Have you got a gun about you, Sam?"

I took the rock away from the boy and kind of patched up the argument. "I'll fix you," says the kid to Bill. "No man ever yet struck the Red Chief but what he got paid for it. You better beware!"

After breakfast the kid takes a piece of leather with strings wrapped around it out of his pocket and goes outside the cave unwinding it.

"What's he up to now?" says Bill, anxiously. "You don't think he'll run away, do you, Sam?"

"No fear of it," says I. "He don't seem to be much of a home body. But we've got to fix up some plan about the ransom. There don't seem to be much excitement around Summit on account of his disappearance; but maybe they haven't realized yet that he's gone. His folks may think he's spending the night with Aunt Jane or one of the

"The Boy is Gone. I Have Sent Him Home. All is Off"

neighbors. Anyhow, he'll be missed to-day. To-night we must get a message to his father demanding the two thousand dollars for his return."

Just then we heard a kind of war-whoop, such as David might have emitted when he knocked out the champion Goliath. It was a sling that Red Chief had pulled out of his pocket, and he was whirling it around his head.

I dodged, and heard a heavy thud and a kind of a sigh from Bill, like a horse gives out when you take his saddle off. A niggerhead rock the size of an egg had caught Bill just behind his left ear. He loosened himself all over and fell in the fire across the frying-pan of hot water for washing the dishes. I dragged him out and poured cold water on his head for half an hour.

By and by, Bill sits up and feels behind his ear and says: "Sam, do you know who my favorite Biblical character is?"

"Take it easy," says I. "You'll come to your senses presently."

"King Herod," says he. "You won't go away and leave me here alone, will you, Sam?"

I went out and caught that boy and shook him until his freckles rattled.

"If you don't behave," says I, "I'll take you straight home. Now, are you going to be good, or not?"

"I was only funning," says he sullenly. "I didn't mean to hurt Old Hank. But what did he hit me for? I'll behave, Snake-eye, if you won't send me home, and if you'll let me play the Black Scout to-day."

"I don't know the game," says I. "That's for you and Mr. Bill to decide. He's your playmate for the day. I'm going away for a while, on business. Now, you come in and make friends with him and say you are sorry for hurting him, or home you go, at once."

I made him and Bill shake hands, and then I took Bill aside and told him I was going to Poplar Cove, a little village three miles from the cave, and find out what I could about how the kidnaping had been regarded in Summit. Also, I thought it best to send a peremptory letter to old man Dorset that day, demanding the ransom and dictating how it should be paid.

"You know, Sam," says Bill, "I've stood by you without batting an eye in earthquakes, fire and flood—in poker games, dynamite outrages, police raids, train robberies and cyclones. I never lost my nerve yet till we kidnaped that two-legged skyrocket of a kid. He's got me going. You won't leave me long with him, will you, Sam?"

"I'll be back some time this afternoon," says I. "You must keep the boy amused and quiet till I return. And now we'll write the letter to old Dorset."

Bill and I got paper and pencil and worked on the letter while Red Chief, with a blanket wrapped around him, strutted up and down, guarding the mouth of the cave. Bill begged me tearfully to make the ransom fifteen hundred dollars instead of two thousand. "I ain't attempting," says he, "to decry the celebrated moral aspect of parental affection, but we're dealing with humans, and it ain't human for anybody to give up two thousand dollars for that forty-pound chunk of freckled wildcat. I'm willing to take a chance at fifteen hundred dollars. You can charge the difference up to me."

So, to relieve Bill, I acceded, and we collaborated a letter that ran thus way:

Ebenezer Dorset, Esq.:

We have your boy concealed in a place far from Summit. It is useless for you or the most skillful detectives to attempt to find him. Absolutely, the only terms on which you can have him restored to you are these: We demand fifteen hundred dollars in large bills for his return; the money to be left at midnight to-night at the same spot and in the same box as your reply—as hereinafter described. If you agree to these terms, send your answer in writing by a solitary messenger to-night at half-past eight o'clock. After crossing Owl Creek, on the road to Poplar Cove, there are three large trees about a hundred yards apart, close to the fence of the wheat field on the right-hand side. At the bottom of the fence-post, opposite the third tree, will be found a small pasteboard box.

The messenger will place the answer in this box and return immediately to Summit.

If you attempt any treachery or fail to comply with our demand as stated, you will never see your boy again.

If you pay the money as demanded, he will be returned to you safe and well within three hours. These terms are final, and if you do not accede to them no further communication will be attempted. TWO DESPERATE MEN.

I addressed this letter to Dorset, and put it in my pocket. As I was about to start, the kid comes up to me and says:

"Aw, Snake-eye, you said I could play the Black Scout while you was gone."

I Heard a Heavy Thud and a Kind of a Sigh from Bill, Like a Horse Gives Out When You Take His Saddle Off

"Play it, of course," says I. "Mr. Bill will play with you. What kind of a game is it?"

"I'm the Black Scout," says Red Chief, "and I have to ride to the stockade to warn the settlers that the Indians are coming. I'm tired of playing Indian myself. I want to be the Black Scout."

"All right," says I. "It sounds harmless to me. I guess Mr. Bill will help you foil the pesky savages."

"What am I to do?" asks Bill, looking at the kid, suspicious.

"You are the hoss," says the Black Scout. "Get down on your hands and knees. How can I ride to the stockade without a hoss?"

"You'd better keep him interested," said I, "till we get the scheme going. Loosen up."

Bill gets down on his all fours, and a look comes in his eye like a rabbit's when you catch it in a trap.

"How far is it to the stockade, kid?" he asks, in a husky manner of voice.

"Ninety miles," says the Black Scout. "And you have to hump yourself to get there on time. Whoa, now!"

The Black Scout jumps on Bill's back and digs his heels in his side.

"For Heaven's sake," says Bill, "hurry back, Sam, as soon as you can. I wish we hadn't made the ransom more than a thousand. Say, you quit kicking me or I'll get up and warm you good."

I walked over to Poplar Cove and sat around the post-office and store, talking with the chawbacons that came in to trade. One whiskerando says that he hears Summit is all upset on account of Elder Ebenezer Dorset's boy having been lost or stolen. That was all I wanted to know. I bought some smoking tobacco, referred casually to the price of black-eyed peas, posted my letter surreptitiously, and came away. The postmaster said the mail-carrier would come by in an hour to take the mail on to Summit.

When I got back to the cave Bill and the boy were not to be found. I explored the vicinity of the cave, and risked a yodel or two, but there was no response.

So I lighted my pipe and sat down on a mossy bank to await developments.

In about half an hour I heard the bushes rustle, and Bill wabbled out into the little glade in front of the cave. Behind him was the kid, stepping softly like a scout, with a broad grin on his face. Bill stopped, took off his hat and wiped his face with a red handkerchief. The kid stopped about eight feet behind him.

"Sam," says Bill, "I suppose you'll think I'm a renegade, but I couldn't help it. I'm a grown person with masculine proclivities and habits of self-defense, but there is a time when all systems of egotism and predominance fail. The boy is gone. I have sent him home. All is off. There was martyrs in old times," goes on Bill, "that suffered death rather than give up the particular graft they enjoyed. None of 'em ever was subjugated to such supernatural tortures as I have been. I tried to be faithful to our articles of depredation; but there came a limit."

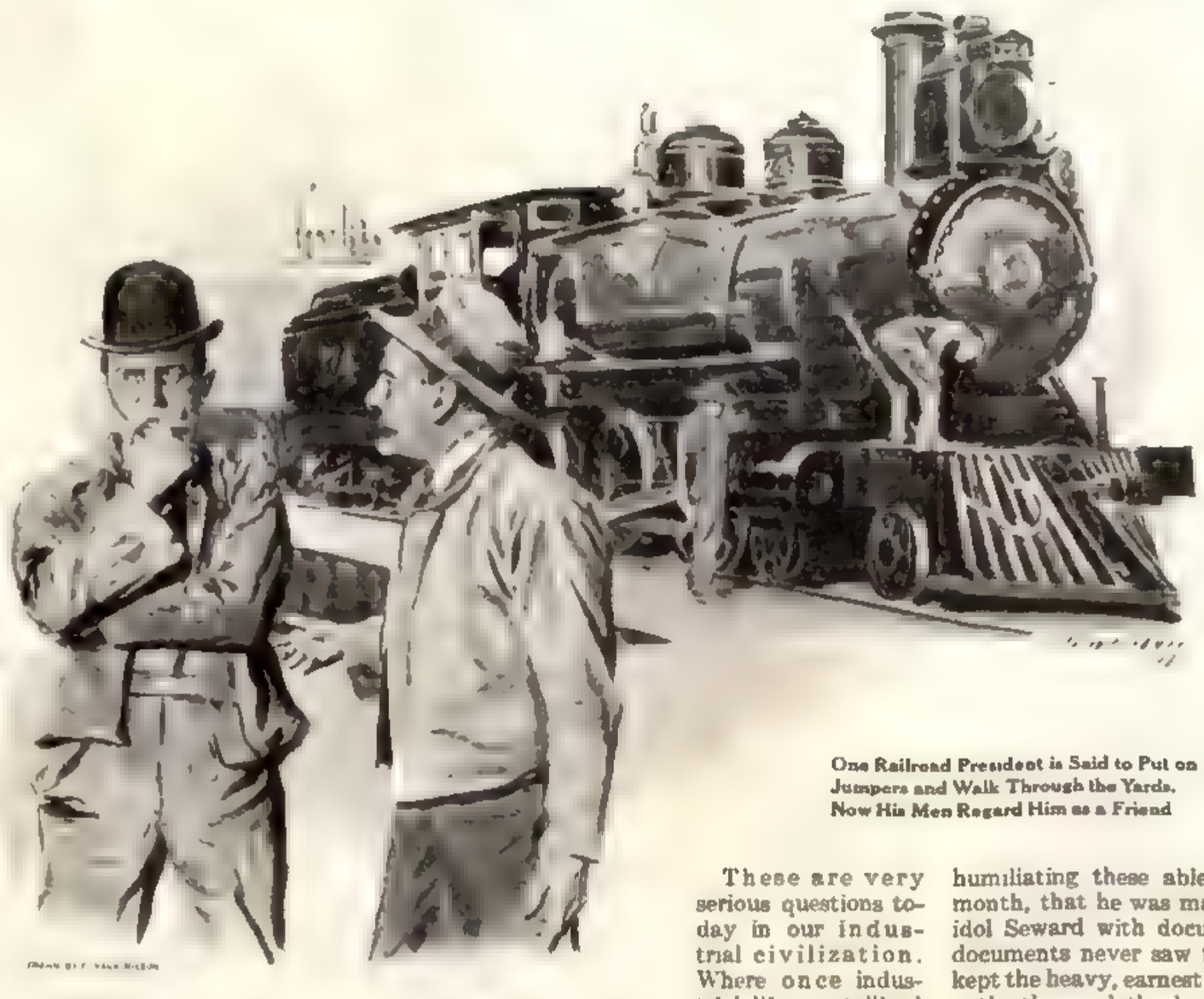
"What's the trouble, Bill?" I asks him.

(Concluded on Page 17)

At Half-Past Eight I was Up in that Tree

THE ART OF HANDLING MEN

By JAMES H. COLLINS



One Railroad President is Said to Put on Jumpers and Walk Through the Yards. Now His Men Regard Him as a Friend

IN A OUIDA or Corelli novel there is usually a point at which the tall, blond hero, erect as a Greek god, appears in the wild mountain pass, breasting the raging thunderstorm, and raps at the monastery gate for shelter.

The hero wants more than shelter. He is weary of life—bored with the world—*blasé*. He wants a solitary retreat far from the maddening crowd. A mysterious burden rests on his soul. The good monks see this the moment they let him in the outer portal, and respect his reserve by maintaining silence.

The hero is tired of life partly because he has been everywhere and seen everything. But there is more than that. He has also become sated with his knowledge of men. Perfidy of men as he has found them—that is his ailment. He has looked men over in all lands and environments, from formal London drawing-rooms to the Bedouin in his tent. He finds them a pretty poor lot. They have sickened his soul. And so we discover him in Chapter III making his way against the thunderstorm in the Far Carpathians.

"Zip! Ker-rip!" goes the lightning. "Boom! Bang! Boom!" echoes the thunder. But when it comes to a choice between untamed elements and the perfidy of men the tall, blond hero doesn't hesitate a moment. Give him the elements.

Thousands have read this glorious stuff, their happiness not marred by the two tiny bits of external evidence that vitiate it—first, that Ouida and Miss Corelli are both ladies; second, that they are maiden ladies.

Alas for good, stirring romance! The men who come most widely into contact with men as God made them have the most optimism on the subject, and seldom take to the hills.

Not long ago Judge Cowing retired after twenty-eight years on the Bench in New York City. He had tried fifty thousand criminal cases, sent three murderers to the electric chair and six to the gallows, put firebugs, thugs and swindlers in prison for terms aggregating many centuries. He had sat in judgment on the lowest of men in their least attractive circumstances, dissecting diseased character, probing vicious motives. Yet he finished it all a kind, elderly man, and said he thought, on the whole, both men and the world were growing better—population grows faster than crime.

For sixteen years the watchman of a New York bakery has dealt out half-loaves of bread at midnight to a line of from three hundred to seven hundred outcasts. "Captain" Henry's opportunities to sicken of humanity have been exceptional. He ought to be tall and blond like a Greek god, and should have taken to the Carpathians long ago. In temperament, however, and also in physique, "Captain" Henry probably resembles no one so much as Santa Claus.

Testimony of policemen, ambulance surgeons, charity workers and prison officials all go for the same thing. The more one sees of even the worst of men at close range, the better one likes his kind. It is the exquisite who acquires a morbid dislike for humanity, and it has to be cultivated at long range.

How much does a man have to know about men to manage them?

Or can they be handled by a routine system regardless of the human quality—managed with a card index?

Is it true, as the cynic asserts, that men have to be moved by springs of self-interest, through their pockets and stomachs?

Every thousand men is likely to show one who is regarded as a born master of his kind. Every generation produces a few masters, and once in an age comes a Napoleon. How much of this capacity is really inborn? How much can be acquired?

These are very serious questions to-day in our industrial civilization. Where once industrial life crystallized in small groups, and the master worked with his men and knew them, now we have gigantic masses of workers that compare with large armies. The Pennsylvania Railroad has one hundred and ninety thousand employees—more than were engaged on both sides at Austerlitz. With their families they would populate St. Louis and Cleveland. The Steel Trust has an organization more than four-fifths the military peace footing of Great Britain. In many ways the new order is an improvement. Sociologists, for instance, regard the sweatshop as a relic of the old industrial life, and look to the new to abolish it. But these great organizations have grown so fast that much of the personality, the human contact between master and man, has been eliminated. The problem to-day is to restore that element. Hundreds of corporation presidents, manufacturers, transportation officials and merchants are experimenting upon it, each in his own way.

It is not too strong an assertion to say that fifty per cent. of all the labor troubles grow out of purely *human* issues. If a strike results, the demand may be for shorter hours or more pay. Yet this is often merely the economic expression of a purely human grievance—"ten cents more a day" gives a better face to "discharge the foreman." The hundreds of labor troubles that never come to a strike—the sort that are being dealt with more effectively every day—are even more largely based on human issues, and settled on that basis.

A strike discredits organization. It may culminate in an economic demand, but it indicates that human touch has been lost somewhere between the head of an organization and its hands. In pathology this nervous disorder is called "lack of coördination." Unjust working conditions, favoritism, tyranny of petty bosses have gone on unknown for months. Suddenly comes industrial war, with its immense bill to pay in money, comfort and even life, with a civilization tied hand and foot to its routine. Settlement means overhauling the organization on a human basis, man to man.

Matters are further complicated in this country by race problems. Get together a force of one thousand men nowadays in America, especially in the East, and you have a very comprehensive ethnological exhibit. None of the big contractors would be at all astonished if a blue-painted Pict applied for work on a tunnel or foundation job. Carry the principle up among the salaried workers and the raw material is just as diversified, even when more refined.

A man born with the gift of managing men seldom has difficulty in selling it. A census of the great industrial executives would show that three-fourths have this knack, or have approximated it. Most of them began where they handled a force of men, kept it running peacefully (the various races working in accord), and advanced records of production.

Abraham Lincoln wanted ability in his Cabinet and stepped over party lines to get it. Two of its seven members, Seward and Chase, had looked for the Republican nomination of 1860, and both underrated Lincoln. Stanton, the fiery Democrat, not only underrated but despised him, and had humiliated him years before. All three were temperamentally opposed to one another, and each of the trio went to Washington in 1861 expecting that Lincoln would be a figurehead, and *be* the power behind the throne. Without humiliating these able men, Lincoln showed, within a month, that he was master. He could have crushed the idol Seward with documents of his own writing; those documents never saw the light till both were dead. He kept the heavy, earnest Chase in harness, despite ingrained antipathy, and the bear, Stanton, virtually worked out his life-energy caged in the War Department.

Was this power of mastery born in Lincoln?

It is said that Mr. Schwab's personality is so magnetic that the day he visited a steel plant its output increased. It is also said that Mr. Corey, another head of the Steel Trust, is so strikingly opposite in this respect that his visit might mean a decrease. Corey started in the laboratory. Schwab began as a stake-driver. Corey superintended mills, but his disposition was to number men. Schwab called them "Bill" and "George."

Is Schwab's power inborn? Has some mysterious element of personality been denied to Corey?

Ask the executives of great manufacturing, transportation and mercantile organizations, and they will commonly say: "Yes, some men have it and some haven't, and that's all there is to the matter."

Watch laborers and mechanics rise, one after the other, to be tried as foremen. Some pass this first peak of promotion easily and are off up a long grade to larger responsibilities. Others sink back in a few weeks through incapacity, vanity, lack of aggressiveness, lack of tact and generalship. See the youngsters brought from college and set over a handful of men. Some bring them together as a teamster gets a united, even pull from sixteen horses, while others flee in a few days as if from a hell.

The Optimist

Men who have this gift are not often able to deduce any principles from it. Men who haven't are certain there can be none. "Only one thing is absolutely sure," said an old superintendent. "When you find a man that makes good in this way he is usually an Irishman."

But an examination of the methods of men who handle men seems to show that there are really basic principles. The ideal manager over a big working force is generally warm-blooded, offhand in speech, and lives among his men. Being "out on the job" at all seasons is a vital part of mastery—some famous contractors can handle men in evening clothes so long as they

can be on the job. But deduct this human quality, and much is still left.

President Winter, of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, says there are three principles. Before men will work for you they must understand: first, that you are going to be boss; second, that you know your job and theirs; third, that you are square. He is an experienced railroader, a Westerner, and now has 14,000 men under him, operating more than 250 miles of street railway. One of the penalties of a high corporation position, he says, is that you lose the close contact with men—for ten years he hasn't been as close as he wanted to be.

The problem of how to be boss is almost invariably the first one met with and mastered. It is very often solved by a fist-fight in actual practice, or, if physical prowess is not called into play, there is a battle of character against character. Secretary Seward so thoroughly misjudged Lincoln that he drew up a complete administrative and foreign policy of his own and sent it to the President. Lincoln met Seward with a letter containing little but courtesy and expressions of appreciation; Seward's policy was even commended in part and the offensive portions disregarded. But the hand of iron was there, and Seward wrote to his wife: "Executive skill and vigor are rare qualities; the President is the best of us." Schwab took charge of the Carnegie plant after the Homestead strike, when it was disorganized and an inferno of hatred. His fighting strength lay in optimism, and he turned this misdirected energy into the production of steel. The basis for warfare was there, but the actual fight was made on character.

Introduce a new head or sub-head into any working force, from a half-dozen bindery girls to a railroad division, and that force instinctively braces itself for a trial of

"Nobody but Me Shall Run This Business"

strength with the newcomer. Then follows a shock, and one or the other wins. There can be no compromise. The new superintendent may display ability by instantly singling out a group of malcontents for discharge. He may isolate a nasty little group of grievances and abolish them. "When I was in the railroad business," says one corporation executive, "I kept an eye out for trouble and adjusted it." Being an acute "trouble man" is a large factor in management. Many an executive is treating symptoms, never finding the seat of the disease. A large engraving plant had a half-dozen strikes in two years. Each was settled, but trouble soon came again. The proprietor was certain discontent had become blind and chronic. A "business doctor" came into this plant, overhauled its system, righted some obscure evils, introduced a profit-sharing plan, and there has been no trouble since. Complaints and grievances cropped out like boils in a Massachusetts factory, and finally a regular "hospital" had to be established for their treatment in the shape of an arbitration committee of the hands. At the start, this committee was very busy. All the energy of the plant seemed to run to "jawing." But complaints became fewer and fewer, and now this committee is a safety-valve that diverts all undue pressure.

Knowing your job and theirs is part of the art of being boss. Until men recognize that a foreman, superintendent or manager is master of his business, he will get neither sympathy nor respect. Being square with employees is as important and far more difficult. It is easy enough to deal out justice to men under your eye. But how can it be managed over a system of 11,000 miles of railroad, or in a department store where the distance between the proprietor and some of his people is so great that one of them may starve to death without his knowing it until the newspapers begin to castigate him? Such a case happened in New York a few years ago, and to-day every employee of that merchant is required to keep at home a postal-card, addressed to the store, upon which a report of sickness must be mailed.

Arbitration is glibly recommended as a universal panacea for labor troubles. It is a fine theory. It works well in practice, too. But it doesn't fit all cases or classes of men. There is a vast difference between the indoor force of a great store and the outdoor force that puts up a skyscraper.

The human touch in some organizations is a real element because these organizations are stable. Men come into them and stay because the work calls for skill, wages are good, employment is steady all year round, and there are promotions for exceptional ability. But how is human touch to be established and maintained in an organization of 15,000 street-car men, for instance, drawn from a restless city population, migratory by instinct? Twice as many trainmen are needed in summer as in winter. The work is of a character that requires a not very high degree of skill, with consequent smaller pay, and a thousand and more outside demands for men are also eating up the organization.

Schwab Called Them "Bill" and "George"

How are petty bosses to be controlled? President Vreeland, of the New York surface-car lines, says that wonders may be worked through firmness and intelligent sympathy with men by an executive who knows the kind of lives they lead, the anxieties that they carry about, the ambitions they have for themselves and their families. But to find petty bosses with this sympathy is a crucial matter. For lack of them many a system breaks of its own weight. A force of 15,000 men must be estimated in the mass for so many potential units of production. Select subordinates unwisely, and the force will not produce normally.

In a Boston store where a board of arbitration sits on the appeal of every discharged employee, two-thirds of those who appeal are reinstated because it is found that subordinates have been unjust or worked out a grudge. When the late Colonel Waring took charge of the New York street-cleaning department, his thousands of sweepers and drivers had known nothing but a system of political pulls in righting grievances. He introduced the practice of hearing appeals on discharge cases. In a short time he was hearing very little else. Thereupon he issued an order establishing a "Committee of 41," each sweeping section, dump and stable electing a member. A meeting-place was provided, and the committeemen's wages went on while they sat. This committee held three meetings a month to hear appeals, deciding about half. Those that could not be decided were referred to a "Board of Conference," made up of five men elected by the committee and five from Waring's office. It sat once a month.

At the first meeting a sweeper was made chairman and one of the Commissioner's men secretary. "Look out for Waring—it's one of his tricks," said the politicians. But the sweepers themselves saw the justice of the system, and, whenever a malcontent rose in their ranks, they converted or eliminated him. In the first year, out of 345 cases the committee settled 221. Of 124 passed to the board, 22 fines were reduced or remitted, 13 sustained; 8 discharged employees were reinstated and 17 denied reinstatement. Twenty-four practical suggestions for improvement of the service also came up through this committee. The presence of a committeeman in each section of the service acted as a check on foremen and even reduced the use of profanity.

These are a few ways in which the principle of "Be square" is worked out in actual practice. All over the United States to-day are found others, devised to fit individual needs. The element of personality enters into all of them, but results are largely secured through attention to plain matters of justice. Employers formerly fought attempts at arbitration on a purely sentimental basis. Their men came with a grievance and a demand. "Nobody but me shall run this business," was the reply, and immediately the issue was made a matter of stubbornness. But to-day the disposition is to take up these questions in about the same businesslike way that is followed in buying new machinery or raw materials.

As the element of sentimentality is eliminated, demands of workmen become fewer in number and are presented in a more businesslike spirit. Yet such methods of keeping the line open from the humblest employee right up to the chief are still complicated in a number of ways.

The Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company investigates even the appeal of the man whose application for employment has been denied. President Winter took up such an appeal from his desk the other day to illustrate this point, and found that it was the application of a Hebrew who charged that he had been excluded on racial lines. The real cause lay in his physical disability. But his appeal was not denied until that had been made certain. An employee with a grievance can sometimes take his case right up to the president, and even past the president to the board of directors. But good judgment must be exerted, or subordinates would be weakened in authority. Appeals often take on a complex nature.

In his railroading days Mr. Winter had the case of an engineer who was discharged as the outcome of a wreck. The engineer appealed on the ground that a lever on his engine was out of order, preventing application of brakes. The case was clouded by technical difficulties and went from chief to chief, until finally a committee of the Brotherhood came to the president. He settled it by inducing the committee to go over the evidence and give a decision. This verdict he agreed to abide by. The committee did so, and decided against the engineer.

In the past few years there has grown up among employers a wide interest in what is termed "welfare work." The Civic Federation maintains a bureau through which information about such work is spread. Welfare work includes almost everything that is done for the comfort of employees, from supplying clean drinking water to installing a profit-sharing or pension system. Its primary object is to get better service through contentment and health of employees. But the secondary object is that of getting acquainted with them.

One railroad president is said to put on jumpers once or twice a month and walk through the yards at his chief terminal, sometimes giving a hand in the roundhouse, again riding around on a shifting engine, but always observing and chatting. His men first regarded him as harmless. Now they regard him as a friend.

Another railroader says he can't do much with men until he knows them, and can't know much about a man until he has seen his wife and family. This is a spirit that seems to be growing at a rapid rate among executives, and accounts for the social features that sprout out of welfare work, such as dinners, dances and lectures. One industrial president in the Middle West carries a photographer with him when he goes on a foreign vacation, has stereopticon slides made when he comes home, and lectures to his employees on "The Homes of the Pharaohs" or "Europe as I Found It." Probably nobody would care to pay to get into one of his lectures. But that isn't the point. President Ralph Peters, of the Long Island Railroad, holds a reception in his office the first week in the year, and any worker on the road who can arrange his schedule is welcome to come in and shake the "Old Man's" hand. The annual dinner to employees is becoming a fixed feast in our industrial life, and plays the same purpose as the executive's occasional dinner to his official family. This may be an attempt to restore the close contact that existed between master and men when the latter lived at their employer's table. But what an advance over the "living-in" system that still exists in England!

The publication of monthly magazines for employees is another means of getting acquainted, infusing spirit into an organization, letting the men out on the tracks, the yards, the engines know what the front office is doing. The Erie Railroad has one, and each employee is entitled to a copy with his pay envelope. It records

(Concluded on Page 20)

See the Youngsters Brought from College and Set Over a Handful of Men

THE ORATOR OF THE DAY

By Brand Whitlock

WHEN Pennell, the young lawyer from the city, who had been invited to deliver the Memorial Day Oration, arrived in town at noon, the reception committee met him with embarrassed apologies for the rain, which just at that moment began to fall. Pennell had been scanning the sky all the morning through the car window; he had watched the white clouds steal like sheep up out of the west and move across the sky; gradually they increased in size, their edges turned gray, and at last they merged in one great sombre mass, that deepened until all the sky was black and lowered a shade of melancholy over the little Ohio hills new clad in the green of spring.

But the beauty of the tender scene had all been lost on Pennell. The infinite variety of shade and tone and tint, the fleeting shadows that each moment gave the landscape a new expression of beauty, were naught to him; the grace, the tenderness, the vague, exquisite melancholy of the country in spring had no meaning for him; all he saw was the glooming sky, all he felt was fear and disappointment—fear that there would be a thunderstorm, and disappointment that the Decoration Day exercises and his oration must now be ruined by the rain.

The fear he kept to himself, but the disappointment he had finally confided to the elderly man who had occupied the seat with him during the last thirty or forty miles. The confidence, however, had not been inspired so much by the disappointment as by Pennell's desire to arouse his unknown companion to an appreciation of the importance of the young man by his side; the companion had not been impressed by Pennell, and when Pennell could endure his own obscurity no longer, he said, casually, and with a little laugh:

"It's bound to rain; I never went to deliver a Decoration Day—ah—address in my life that it didn't rain."

This, in a literal sense, was quite true, for Pennell had never before gone to deliver a Decoration Day address; he had not intended to put it in that way precisely, but, the words once uttered, he let them pass and felt that their duplicity was in a measure balanced by the modesty which had made him pause and then say "address" instead of "oration."

"Going to make a speech, eh?" the man had said.

The effect was not wholly what Pennell had desired; the man was not much impressed, and went on scanning his Enquirer. Pennell continued, however, to hold some converse with the man, and finally gave him his professional card—a thing Pennell never neglected to do, because in every man he met he saw a potential client. The man thrust the card into his pocket, and presently got off the train, leaving Pennell to look out at the blackening sky and to glance over the manuscript of his oration for the last time.

When the invitation to deliver the oration on Decoration Day had come from the local Grand Army Post, Pennell had felt elated. The town was a hundred miles away from the city, which proved to Pennell that his fame as an orator was growing; though he had never delivered a Decoration Day oration, he had made many speeches. He had begun in college, where he had had the misfortune to win an intercollegiate debate; later, when he began to practice law in the city, he had spoken publicly whenever occasion offered, and once had had another misfortune: a reporter, with some want of originality, had referred to him in a newspaper as the "silver-tongued."

Pennell, with that premeditation that early distinguished everything he did, had joined the dominant political party in his city, had promptly tendered his services to the chairman of the committee, and had made many campaign speeches at ward meetings. The demand for his services grew; he spoke at small banquets and at various church affairs; he delivered occasional addresses, and his speeches were always so contrived that while they sounded brave, and even impetuous, nothing was said in them that might offend established custom or organized respectability, though he championed all reforms that had become reputable and popular and safe. Whenever he heard or read of the decay of the oratorical art, he smiled; and, in short, was a young man with the gift of the gab, a growing, though as yet not very remunerative, law practice, and a determination to get on in the world.

Pennell had descended the steps from the car with his senatorial air, and, though piqued at the slim reception, he thought it best to smile graciously, and as he shook hands with the chairman of the reception committee, he said, as if accustomed to all the vicissitudes of public speaking:

"Oh, well, we always expect rain on Decoration Day."

Then he turned up the collar of his long coat and pulled down over his eyes the brim of the black slouched hat he wore as the becoming and proper gear for an orator—just as he wore a low collar and black cravat, in order that his throat might be entirely free and unconfined for its great work. He bent before the rain, and made for the waiting hack. The rain was coming down in torrents, and the wind was blowing raw and cold; at any rate, there would be no thunderstorm, though the conditions were not otherwise auspicious.

Pennell missed the band, and the company of National Guard troops he had dreamed of; there were but two or three customary loungers about the little railway station, and even these glanced at him casually, hardly curiously.

"We're Getting Old, Cumrad's. Our Day's Past"

There being no other passengers that day, Pennell and the two somewhat lorn committeemen had the hotel hack to themselves, and they started uptown between rows of trees, whose thick, green foliage was heavy and disconsolate with the rain. The committeemen had little to say; they repeated their apologies for the rain, but, by degrees, evaded all responsibility for it, and left Pennell at the hotel.

Pennell ate his dinner alone, in the disturbing conviction that the other diners were unconscious of his presence. Afterward, he nervously paced about in the hotel office for a while, looked out on the public square at the slanting rain and at the bronze figure of the infantryman who stood on his granite pedestal in his caped overcoat, at parade rest, his head bowed in perpetual meditation. About the pedestal some streamers of red, white and blue cloth had been wrapped, but these were drenched by the rain and twisted by the wind. The whole gray scene was sad and sombre enough; it was not what Pennell had expected. Where were the band, the National Guard, the G. A. R. Post?

The exercises were to be held in the Town Hall at two o'clock. At that hour the rain was no longer descending in the torrents that had preserved for the May morning the semblance of spring, but it came down in a steady drizzle, lugubrious and cold, as if the autumn had come; it was evident that the rain would last all day. The boughs of the trees, heavy with leaves, were heavier still with moisture, and swayed low and sadly; the decorations on the monument had lost all form and color and hung now in dismal, wet rags; the bronze of the bowed infantryman glistened in the steady drench.

It was certain there could be no parade, and a little procession set out from the hotel, two by two, with nothing to lend official dignity, except the umbrella the committeeman balanced over the head of Pennell, who, as Orator of the Day, headed the column. Behind him came the mayor and other notables, and a few old soldiers, hobbling painfully, the cold, wet weather playing havoc with their rheumatism.

But they marched staunchly along, keeping up. They had already done many miles that day, for in the morning they had gone out to Willow Grove Cemetery, and, with the aid of a dozen young girls in white and the badged ladies of the Women's Relief Corps, had strewn flowers and stuck little flags in the green sod at the head of each soldier's grave.

The sun had shone, the air was warm, and under the green branches of the peaceful burying-ground the veterans had bared their heads, and above them the mating robins had chirped, and now and then the bobolinks had sung their little carols, precisely as if the balmy air had breathed on aeolian harps and drawn little harmonies from the strings. And for two hours these few old soldiers had been alone and silent with memories. And now, in a cold and bitter rain, they were trudging to the hall to hear the Orator of the Day.

The Orator of the Day entered the hall, removed his hat, turned down the collar of his coat, and, brushing back the lock of hair he had trained to fall over his brow, composed his features to a stern and immobile mask, and strode down the centre aisle. From his place on the little stage he looked over an array of seats that seemed all the more empty because of the few that occupied them.

Scattered through the middle of the house were a few women, with children, already restless, fidgeting and wriggling over the seats beside them, talking, whining, now and then giving utterance to piping, querulous questions; in the rear were a score of boys and young men, holding aloof, in a kind of sardonic, sneering superiority, from ceremonies for which they could affect nothing but contempt; on the front benches, right under the stage, were the old soldiers, a dozen of them; they had found their seats after much uncertain stumbling, and they sat there now, silent and stolid, lifting a row of gray, unkempt, bearded faces toward him. Some of them wore the blue coats on which to-day the brass buttons had temporarily replaced those of black bone they customarily wore; all of them displayed the bronze star of the G. A. R. depending from little soiled silken flags; several nursed crooked canes between their knees, and one had a crutch.

From time to time, men and women straggled in; perhaps, after all, thought Pennell, a good audience might assemble to hear the oration of the day.

Meanwhile, the stage was almost as full as the body of the house. The stage had been set in the gray, flat scene which, in the few meretricious melodramas that came to town, represented various marble halls of grandeur. There were scant drapings of flags, and a table had been set in the middle, on which were placed a stiff bouquet of spring flowers and a white porcelain pitcher and a glass tumbler, doubtless to help the Orator of the Day through his great effort. Behind the scenes there was much confusion; young men and women who were to have part in the exercises came on the stage, then rushed off again.

The program was to be long, and Pennell resented this. Why, he thought, should there be so much to detract, to impede? The audience would be worn out long before the oration was reached. But, of course, he could do nothing but wait, and appear calm and dignified and impassive: to sit there, in a word, as an orator should. He kept on his overcoat, for the hall was cold, and the stage drafty; orators, as was well known, were peculiarly susceptible to drafts and were always taking cold on such occasions and losing their voices. Besides, it was always best, just as the orator arose to begin his speech, to pause, and slowly draw off his overcoat; it made his advent more impressive.

So Pennell sat in his overcoat, and waited, and pitied the people who were doomed to life in this town, and pitied

and despised all these foolish folk who were on the program, thinking their work of importance. But after a while things were ready—the exercises actually began.

A girl seated herself at the upright piano at one corner of the stage (the piano bore a placard to tell what music store it was from), and played the Turkish Patrol, with a young man in pointed beard and gold eyeglasses with a gold chain, all very elegant, to turn the pages of her music.

Then the audience was requested to rise and join in singing The Star-Spangled Banner. The audience rose, but it did not sing, because no audience ever sings that song, or ever can; no one could sing it but the quartet on the stage, and, though they had the notes and words, even they did not sing it very well.

After this pretense of national music in a nation that has no national music, the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a very tall, slim young man in black, with a flat chest and a flatter abdomen, prayed; the quartet sang Tenting To-night on the Old Camp Ground (the young man with the pointed beard and gold eyeglasses and gold chain sang tenor), and they dwelt lovingly on the chord of the diminished seventh.

Then a small boy, who was so frightened that his little knees quaked, was pushed on to the stage, his mother crouching in the rear to prompt him; he held a tiny flag, as stiff as paper, in his hand. In a high, piping voice, catching his breath in mortal agony at the beginning of each line, he recited several verses about The Flag, giving his tiny flag a jerk, intended to be a patriotic wave, at the end of each stanza, got through it, bobbed his head hurriedly and fled; and after this cruelty to children had been accomplished, the quartet sang again.

Then a young woman, in a white dress, wearing rubber overshoes, with great assurance and as if she were placing the last finishing touch on the elocutionary art, declaimed Sheridan's Ride, and, there being symptoms of applause, promptly rendered another selection—Riley's Good-by, Jim; Take Keer o' Yerself. She pronounced this admonitory line in the tremolo of deepest pathos, as if the old father were publicly displaying his grief, instead of trying to hide it.

Would it never end? thought Pennell. Would they never reach the oration? The hall had been gradually filling, and the audience was now of respectable size; it was an audience which newspapers describe as being composed of fully five hundred persons—that is, there were nearly two hundred present. Surely, thought Pennell, there had been enough of these senseless preliminaries. These people had come there to hear an oration and to be entertained and improved, and doubtless they were growing as impatient as he.

But no, there was yet more to come; there was the inevitable local chairman, who must make a long talk—that is, announce that he could not make a speech, and then consume three-quarters of an hour in proving his assertion. Pennell told himself he might have expected that, and he was not to be disappointed, for just then a man rose and walked awkwardly to the front of the stage.

He was a stocky man, with a round, hard head; it was covered with thin, perfectly white hair; his smooth-shaven face was red—not the ruddiness of soft living, but the red that comes from exposure to all weathers; the skin was firm and hard and rough. His mouth was broad, and his lips level and thin; his jaw was heavy, his nose prominent, his eyes deep blue. Now, as they looked out over the little assembly of his townsmen, they were calm and clear, and the people met them with eyes upturned in trust and respect and confidence.

He stood there in his ill-fitting gray clothes, his hands plunged in the outer pockets of his coat; his trousers crept up the wrinkled ankles of the boots he wore, and he stood awkwardly, and yet staunchly, with his weight on his right leg; his left leg was bent a trifle, and when it moved it moved stiffly—as he himself would have put it, he "favored" that left leg. In his appearance there was nothing graceful, nothing commanding, nothing accustomed; the Orator of the Day divined instantly that this man could not make a speech, and in his impatience with him for speaking at all he felt a kind of vicarious shame for the man who appeared to such poor advantage.

Well, thought Pennell, he would have to endure it as best he could, but he was being sorely tried by the events of the day; he would be lucky if he could deliver an oration at all after so much interruption and so many obstacles. And Pennell sighed, straightened in his chair, composed his features to a patient, but respectful, expression. The hall, however, had suddenly grown

Pennell had Descended the Steps with His Senatorial Air

very still; suddenly filled with an atmosphere of intensity. The man had begun to speak.

"Cumrad's," he said—and Pennell could scarcely repress a smile at his pronunciation, his graceless address—"Cumrad's, I was asked by the committee to preside at this meeting and introduce the speaker of the day. As there didn't seem to be anybody else to do it, I said, yes, I'd do it. I can't make much of a speech; you all know that. We have in our midst a young man who is a fine orator, and he has come down here from the city to talk to us, and we're all anxious to hear what he has to say."

Pennell relished this; his heart warmed a little toward the speaker, but he tried to deepen his look of modest unconcern.

"I'm sorry it had to rain," the old man went on; "but maybe it don't make so much difference, after all. As I look down at you this afternoon there's only a few of you left—just about a dozen. And I reckon there's only about four of you that were in Comp'ny E—a corp'ral's guard, as you might say. There's only a very few of us left any more to turn out on Decoration Day; most of them are out there in Willow Grove burying-ground, where we were this morning. It won't be long before we're all out there, and then it won't matter if it does rain on Decoration Day."

He had moved a little toward the side of the stage, that side on which the veterans sat, and now the twelve old gray and shaggy heads were bending forward. The old men's eyes were fixed on him, as his were fixed on theirs; the rest of the audience were forgotten; the speech was for them alone.

"We're getting old, cumrad's. Our day's past. I remember when we started away; you were all boys then—just boys; none of you was much over twenty-one, most of you were eighteen or nineteen. When troops were needed we raised Comp'ny E here in the old town; we weren't long in raising them. We went into camp out here on Mad River, a hundred of us boys, and, someway, you elected me cap'n. We didn't stay there very long. In a week we went over to Macochee and joined our regiment; then over to Camp Chase. We didn't have much time there to learn. They drilled us some, not much; they needed men at the front, and we went. We reported to Sherman at Paducah early in February. Our first sight of real war was when we saw the wounded coming down the Cumberland; our first taste of real war came early in March; you remember—well, one or two of you remember—you, John Weaver, and you, Henry—you remember that early in March we went up the Tennessee in boats, and went into camp near Shiloh Church, two or three miles from Pittsburg Landing.

"There we saw our first fighting. The Confederates attacked us the morning of April 6—Sunday morning, that was; we were on the right of Buckland's Brigade in Sherman's Division. Our brigade had a good position on a ridge and we withstood the attack of three lines—Cleburn's, Anderson's and Johnson's—that lasted two hours or more. At ten o'clock our right flank was threatened by Pond and Trabue; we were ordered back by General Sherman to form on another line, which we were forced out of and back all day Sunday. We lay out all night in the rain, but we lay in line, and early Monday morning we commenced on them again, and forced them back, slowly, over the dead and dying of the day before, until we held the field. There they were, those young men lying dead or wounded or mangled—fifty of them—a hundred of them—five hundred of them. When that fight was over we had over three thousand dead young men on our hands to bury—and twenty thousand young men and boys shot, some dead, some terribly wounded. When our first sergeant called the roll of Comp'ny E, only about seventy of our boys answered to their names."

Pennell wondered if he was going to give, in this monotonous detail, a history of the whole Civil War. Yes, apparently, for now he was going on:

"Then after the action at Fallen Timbers, we were in the advance on the siege of Corinth. We were in the fight at Russell's House near Corinth on May 17, then in June and July, Memphis, where we were on duty at Fort Pickering till November; then came Grant's Central Mississippi campaigns and the operations on the Mississippi Central Railroad to the Yocnapatawpha River."

The old man stood there without taking his hands from his pockets, without moving, save that now and then he eased that left leg a little; and slowly, without his knowing why, Pennell forgot about his own speech, forgot about himself even, forgot everything, in this man. The hall was very still; the children had ceased to squirm and wriggle, the women had ceased to cough, the young smart Alecks in the rear had sobered, and the old soldiers Pennell looked at them; they sat there, several of them leaning their bearded chins on their canes, one gray-beard bent forward, staying himself with a yellow crutch. Their old, rheumy eyes were fixed on the old man who was speaking, and something in those eyes, in the expression of those faces, wrought a curious effect within the Orator of the Day.

He was not without imagination; he could not have made his speeches had he lacked that divine quality; he was not without human sympathy; and as he looked at these old men, so worn, so withered and so weary, a pity suddenly welled within him. As he looked at them, they somehow changed; their ragged beards vanished, their faces became young and ruddy, their eyes beamed with the fire of youth, their hair became black, their forms straightened, and he could see them erect, tall, strong and lithe, in immortal youth, marching away—away. He could hear the wild music of fife and drum, he could see the colors streaming in the wind——

"Wolf River Bridge—White's Station—Memphis—Young's Point—Vicksburg"—the chairman was going on.

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She Pronounced This Admonitory Line in the Tremolo of Deepest Pathos

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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Inflaming the Jap Mind

THE Japanese situation, we are told, is drifting to a critical stage. Cabled excerpts from Japanese editorials and political speeches seem to prove it.

But a condition obtains in Japan which is not easily understood over here. Being a yellow race, the Japanese support a press which corresponds with the national hue. There are newspapers in the larger cities which are motived by nothing higher than a desire for circulation and profits. They would print "WAR" in big, red letters on the front page at any time if the city editor judged that a few hundred additional copies might be sold thereby. If they find an article in a Bombay exchange describing the anti-Chinese riots of fifty years ago, they immediately write themselves a special cablegram from San Francisco saying, "Yellow men slaughtered on the Pacific Coast," and rush out an extra. Half an hour later they issue another extra with the same text, but embellished with damning pictures of San Francisco before and after the earthquake. If an inebriate candidate for road supervisor in San Luis Obispo County makes an anti-Japanese speech they print extracts from it in big, black type to prove that the leading statesmen of the United States are bent upon war. And they follow it up with a double-leaded editorial, affirming their eagerness to bleed and die for the preservation of the national honor.

In that country, also, are certain gentlemen professionally engaged in politics who joyously tail on to such commotion as the yellow press can stir up, and make fiery speeches about the grand old flag—astutely hoping thereby to capture a few offices while the people are, so to speak, looking the other way and forgetting about year-before-last's graft disclosures.

As nothing corresponding to this deplorable condition is known in the United States—where all newspapers, as well as all candidates, are absolutely truthful and high-minded—we are apt to misjudge the situation in Japan.

They Make the Man

SOMEWHERE in New England, we are told, an association has been formed for the purpose of exerting an influence, national in its scope, upon manners.

We hail the step with satisfaction. Every thoughtful person acknowledges the immense importance of manners. The trouble is, not that there are so many really ill-mannered people, but that every class, set and region has its own code of etiquette. Thus, a member of one class coming in contact with members of another shocks them by exhibiting manners which they deem heretical, although these manners are perfectly orthodox on their own ground. What we need, most decidedly, is an arbiter of continental scope and authority, which, rising above all mere local and class prepossessions, will consider the whole subject on its intrinsic merits, and decide upon a set of manners which thereafter shall be the standard for the entire population.

We hope the association will call a national congress as soon as possible, and give notice that we shall appear before it in support of a motion to abolish that awkward and useless article, the fork. This implement is absolutely superfluous, at least to a man with the ordinary digital equipment. The main office which it performs can be accomplished with equal satisfaction by use of the knife. It is unnatural, because men are not generally ambidextrous. In those communities which are nearest to Nature the fork is almost unknown, save for merely decorative purposes.

The fork is uneconomical in the highest degree. It requires double the investment in plant. To fall back upon railroad phraseology, which has become so familiar of late, its average trainload is much less than that of the knife. We should say, in conveying victuals with a fork the expenditure of energy per ton per mile is quite fifty per cent. greater than where a knife is used.

Finally, in a republic you cannot—nor should you wish to make the majority conform to the minority. The proper way is to make the minority conform to the majority. This would at once settle the fate of the fork.

Living In and Living Out

WE DISAGREE with the common opinion of the English system of "living in." Under this plan, which obtains in many of the larger retail establishments, the employer lodges and feeds the employee. The English shopgirl, in return for her labor, gets a bunk to sleep on, enough bread, butter, tea and soup to support life, and a little money for clothes. As every detail of living is under control of the employer he is sure to get his labor at the lowest cost that will keep life in the laborer. The system is held to be a triumph of commercial economics.

But we think this encomium undeserved. The living-in plan saddles the employer with the total cost of sustaining life in the employee. This can be beaten. As a matter of fact, it is beaten in some large and prosperous retail establishments in America, where many employees do not receive a wage that will support life. The English system does not take adequate account of the resourcefulness of the human automaton. If sufficiently pressed by necessity it will, so to speak, throw out saving tentacles, discovering a relative or friend from whom some little sustenance may be drawn, or develop an extra store of labor-power after the employer has extracted all the labor-power at which the machine is rated. In fine, as the experience of the American establishments referred to demonstrates, it is possible for the employer to get his labor at a cost actually below the total cost of sustaining life in the laborer.

Thus the English "living-in" employer, far from having said the last possible word in commercial economics, is, in reality, a good deal of an amateur. Let us never foolishly praise a thing merely because it is English.

Monkeying with Money

THE first week in June gold was shipped out of the country at the rate of a million dollars a day. The "Street" was rather blue, therefore, and railroad stocks declined to the lowest level of the year.

The most authoritative opinion in Wall Street assigns two causes for this depressing outflow of gold. The Financial Chronicle points out that, a year ago, Secretary Shaw was making free loans of Treasury gold to such New York banks as would engage to import the metal from Europe. Financial houses borrowed very heavily abroad. Stimulated by this Treasury bonus, we imported forty-five millions of gold from Europe. This was pleasant at the moment, and undoubtedly assisted materially in prolonging last year's splendrous stock boom. Now, the boom is over and we have to pay back the gold. This is disagreeable—although it does seem the height of ingratitude to blame the former complaisant Secretary of the Treasury.

According to law, national banks are not entitled to count national bank-notes as a part of their reserve. They do it, however, and the Treasury Department winks at the practice. Now, comes the National City Bank of New York, in a circular to its patrons, and points out that this unlawful practice amounts to an inflation of the currency; that "it is a fair presumption that the present outward gold movement is being importantly influenced, if not wholly caused," by it.

We mention these things merely because they suggest that when money is ailing it is always well to inquire whether the doctors themselves have been doping the patient injuriously—before looking far afield to Presidential speeches and socialistic activities in Wisconsin.

A Rest for Mr. Harriman

FORTUNATELY the Administration has decided not to prosecute Mr. Harriman. With the very liveliest sense of that gentleman's abilities, we deny that he has done anything which justly entitles him to a crown of martyrdom.

For what would he be prosecuted?

Would it be for manipulating and inflating Chicago and Alton? Then Messrs. Moore and Reid must be prosecuted for their manipulation and inflation of Rock Island capitalization, which was about twice as rank as the Alton deal. Would the Administration also prosecute J. J. Hill and J. P. Morgan for converting a hundred millions of Burlington stock into two hundred millions of bonds? The Vanderbilts did this to Lake Shore stock.

Would Harriman be prosecuted because he crushed competition by joining the Southern Pacific and the Salt Lake roads to his Union Pacific system? Hill was not prosecuted, even when the Supreme Court declared his merger of Great Northern and Northern Pacific illegal. And he should not have been—unless the Vanderbilts, Cassatt, the Moores, Spencer, Ryan *et al.* were also prosecuted. Every "railroad king" has for a decade been openly directing his energies to doing this same thing.

Mr. Harriman's deeds have been injuriously magnified at Washington of late—as though his practice was a thing peculiar to himself and in contrast with the practice of other rail magnates. This is not at all true. On the contrary, Harriman is important just because he is strictly typical of the whole group to which he belongs. His practice is precisely the typical practice. Personally he is less agreeable than some of the others, and he has undoubtedly been sassy to the President; but those are points which the Interstate Commerce acts do not cover.

To know what Harriman has done is valuable, not in order to judge him personally, but in order to remedy a condition that makes his strictly typical operations possible.

The Magic Circle

THE Wisconsin Legislature, after a long and earnest debate, has decided not to abolish the party circle at the top of the official ballot. Thus the Wisconsin elector, by marking in the ring opposite the party name, may still vote a "straight ticket."

This is one of the most painful subjects that any honest legislature can be called upon to deal with. The practice of arranging all candidates in party columns is the last bulwark of corrupt boss politics. We have never yet seen a plausible argument that such arrangement of the ballot served any other purpose. But to abolish the party column and circle would at once eliminate about seventy per cent. of all the precious gabble and flub-dub of politics.

Take it candidly home to yourself. Suppose you love to be on the "inside," and have grammar-school boys look upon you with awe as one adept in the mysteries of politics; suppose you are zealous to be a wheel-horse in furthering the candidacy for the State Senate of neighbor George W. Smith. Would you like to go out on the stump and just talk about Smith and his honesty and general intelligence, and how he stood on the good-roads proposition, and what he intended to do about the drainage tax, with no impassioned references to the grand old party of Lincoln and Grant or the equally grand old party of Jefferson and Jackson; without ever once picturing the tariff as the bounteous sustainer of the American home or the rapacious destroyer thereof; without even—goodness gracious!—saying a word about Theodore Roosevelt or William Jennings Bryan?

Or suppose—merely for the sake of the argument—that you were engaged in politics from motives of a more practical and monetary character. It would certainly be advantageous to talk about tariff, Monroe doctrine and imperialism, instead of prosily addressing yourself to the merely personal allegation that your candidate would steal a red-hot stove.

The Statue of Heine

ACCORDING to recent cables, Emperor William has not, as was alleged, ordered the statue of Heine removed from the Villa Achilleion, where it was erected by the poet's only royal admirer, the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria. This is a distinct loss to the art wherein Heine was preëminently great. A lot of satire, some of it almost worthy of the author of the Reisebilder, thus misses fire.

Heine delighted himself and a million others in satirically expressing the opinion that royalty's distinguishing characteristics were bigotry and stupidity. To make a reigning duke seem an ass was not only meat to him but intellectual nourishment to two generations of his readers. When royalty erects a statue to him and plants a hundred rosebushes about it, the jokes lose their barb; the mocker is mocked.

Suppose all four Georges returned to earth and went about, hammer in hand, apoplectic with indignation, smashing every destructible memorial of Thackeray. What unimaginable joy to the novelist's true lover! But suppose they came back, an enlightened band, to lay wreaths upon his tomb. A fine inheritance of wit would then lose its lustre.

We could imagine the marble effigy at Villa Achilleion indulging an appreciative grin over a regal order that it be overthrown. But it must look down upon a tolerant emperor with a somewhat confused and dubious expression. Naturally, Heine knows that no royalty can uproot him. He grows far too deep and broad in the human soil. The only question is whether he may, perchance, lend a hand in uprooting royalty. The less royalty is like what he alleged it to be, the slimmer the chance of that.

He said that the stupid of the earth were his patrimony, whom he coined into money and fame, and when he met a person of quite exceptional stupidity he wished gratefully to embrace him. It is precisely tolerance, and not bigotry, that really overthrows the great satirists.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Human Stump Speech

IF YOU should happen into the Rainier Club, in Seattle, some day, along about luncheon-time, and should hear a series of noises like this: "Thump—biff—biff—b-a-n-g!" that would be John L. Wilson saying: "Good-morning; it's a fine day."

John L. is the Human Stump Speech. He is the Personified Exclamation Point. He never says anything without emphasis, and when he tries to be real forceful he blows up like a powder magazine where a calloused workman who has been making skyrockets tries to light his pipe with a fuse. He is at his best when sitting at a table, because he has something to pound on. If he has no table to pound on he will pound on you, just as cheerfully, which will not make so much noise as a table, unless you happen to be a particularly hard case—or have one—but will supply the basis for the accentuation just as well.

Wilson hates peace. He welcomes animosity. He will fight at the drop of the hat, and, if hats are not dropping frequently enough, he will take steps to drop a few. When he isn't fighting he is unhappy, and when he is fighting many other people are unhappy. His crest is a bantam rooster. His motto is: "Lay on, MacDuff!" and his battle cry is: "Eat 'em alive!" He has been fighting ever since he has been in Washington, and he is fighting yet. He will be fighting so long as there is any breath in him. Sometimes he gets whipped—gets whipped ferociously—but that is all a part of the game. The glory of the combat has been his, even if his political eyes are blackened and his robe of office has both tails torn off and is ripped up the back.

He was born in Indiana, and was early in politics as furnishing the best field for the shock of battle available at that time. He went to the State Legislature, and then President Arthur appointed him receiver of public moneys at Spokane Falls, in the then Territory of Washington. He went out to Washington, and has been there ever since, assisting in the development of the country and retarding the development of his antagonists so far as a first-class fighting man can. They elected him to the Fifty-first Congress as first Representative after Washington became a State, and he came to Washington, the city, rolled up his sleeves and waded in.

A Transplanted Indianian at Large

THEY looked at him curiously at first, this transplanted Indianian who hopped into anything that came along with a cheerful grin and a cheerless manner of speech that made the persons to whom he addressed his few remarks sputter like Senator Bacon when he is trying to say "territorial aggrandizement." His first real jump into the limelight was just after the Sherman Repeal bill had been passed. General Charles Tracey, of Albany, who used to worship at the shrine of Grover Cleveland more assiduously than anybody in Washington, referring to him as "that noble countenance," was moved to make a speech of thanks to Congress for passing the bill. The General evidently felt he was the Moses who had led the Republic out of the morass, for he voluminously and cordially expressed his great gratification that this event had come to pass under his supervision. He foresaw in it the salvation of the Republic, and, while he was not unmindful of the part he had played in this enormous beneficence, he could not refrain from expressing the thought that, if it had not been for that brave, patriotic, greatest-American-since-Columbus, who was in the White House, the repeal bill would not have been passed. Therefore, it was meet to laud the President, and he lauded him, *imus* and *issimus*.

At the laudiest part of the speech, Wilson got up. "Cuckoo!" he cuckooed; "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" The House, which had been getting ready to throw inkwells and things at the General, blew up. There was an explosion of laughter that rattled the stained-glass ceiling. That was the first public application of the cuckoo term. Senator Morgan, of Alabama, had used it in a speech a few days before, when he said, in his mild and gentle manner, of the members of his own party who did not agree with him: "When the White House clock strikes, they all say 'cuckoo,'" but Wilson was the man who used the term first as an appellation. As for General Tracey, he never did finish his paean of personal and Presidential thanks.

Wilson remained in Congress three terms, and resigned in 1895 to go to the Senate. He was in the Senate when Mr. Bryan promulgated his immortal doctrine concerning the free and unlimited coinage of silver. At the exact and psychological moment when Mr. Bryan promulgated that

John L. Wilson, Ex-Senator from Washington

doctrine, the entire Pacific Coast uttered a wild whoop, went up in the air all spraddled out, and when it came down began running around in circles like a gigantic sandpiper, which—if a digression into natural history may be permitted in these parlous days for the natural historian—spends most of its time trying to find where its head is, and in that pleasant and profitable employment is apparently imbued with the idea that said head is everywhere but where it is.

"Yip—yip—yip!" exulted the Pacific Coast. "The free and unlimited coinage of silver! That is the stuff for us! If we get double the quantity of money, we will get double the price for everything!"

It was fine. Republicans and Democrats and all others went in with a glad hurrah. More money! That was the ticket. They were willing to stand for the free and unlimited coinage of everything, from silver to Dungeness crabs. But not for John L. Wilson. He saw a chance for a fight. So he set his foot on the gold standard and proclaimed in a clarion voice that that financial rock should fly from its firm base as soon as he, and somewhat sooner.

Well, it was a fight, sure enough. Wilson and some few others tried to stem the tide, but it was not good weather for stemming out on that part of the coast, and was particularly healthful for tides. When they finished up at election time they were beaten. Mr. Bryan got the votes of Washington. Meantime, Wilson's long career as a fighter had made him some enemies, using some in its strictly comparative sense, for the State was not so densely populated as it might have been; but it had also cemented him to a lot of friends. They went in to reëlect Wilson to the Senate.

He was defeated. It is not necessary here to tell how he was beaten or who did it. He was beaten, and retired to private life. "There," said the other fellows, taking stock of their scars, "we guess that finishes him. He's out of it for keeps. Now, let us have peace."

He was out of it? Certainly, he was out of it—about as long as it took him to get from Spokane to Seattle, and on the following day, or thereabouts, he put a modest card at the top of the first editorial column of the Post-Intelligencer, the big Republican paper, stating to an astonished Commonwealth that he had bought said paper and from that day would run it as he saw fit. Out of it? He was just beginning to get in it. There were loud cries. Wilson as owner and editor of the P-I! The opposition saw a dark cloud on the horizon, no larger than a man's hand. It is there yet, too—only it has spread some.

Mightier Than the Club

SO FAR as office is concerned, Wilson could not be elected to anything, in all probability. The rule of politics is that he who puts his fingers to the salve shall rise by the salve. The gentleman who goes out with the club does not bind himself eternally to the toga or any other badge of place. Still, Wilson is a great power in the Republican politics of the State, and he is fighting yet for what his friends want and for what he wants.

He says he has no further political ambitions for himself. He is running his newspaper in the interest of peace and harmony—the John L. Wilson brand. He admits he has some decided opinions about the political ambitions of others he might mention. There are still a few persons—to his way of thinking—who need trimming, and the shears are always sharp and the opportunity always sought. Perhaps he will not succeed in his entire trimming enterprise, although he has been doing fairly well thus far; but he will always be trying, for he never could memorize that forgive-and-forget maxim.

And he fights as he talks—all at once: "Biff—swat—swat—biff! This is my opinion! Bing!—How do you like it?—Bang! Oh, you don't like it, eh?—Thump—cr-a-s-sh—thumpety—thump—thump—thump!" He eats 'em alive!

Bunking with Roosevelt

WHEN President Roosevelt made his recent trip to Indianapolis and Lansing, one of the press associations sent along a reporter who had never been out with a Presidential party before. The reporter was nervous and much afraid some of the other press representatives would "scoop" him on some of the incidents of the trip.

He happened to be away from the train when, at one of the stops, an old man, who claimed the President had bunked with him out on the plains, came up to shake hands. When the reporter got back he heard the story, but he was a little suspicious of it, and he summoned up all his courage and went in to ask the President about it.

"Is it true that you bunked with that man who was brought up to the train, Mr. President?" he asked.

"Why, yes," the President replied. "I remember the circumstance very well. We had been rounding up horses, and one was missing. I volunteered to go out after it. I rode along a good many miles without catching sight of the horse, and night fell on me. I saw a light in the distance and came to a little shack on the plains. I thought that would be better than sleeping out, and I rapped on the door. This man came to the door, let me in and invited me to sleep there. He had only one bunk, so we turned in together."

The reporter had been standing on one foot and then on the other. The President stopped, and he had to say something. So he stammered: "Was this on a railroad train, Mr. President?"

The Oratorical Retainer

WHEN Major-General H. C. Corbin was Adjutant-General of the Army and Elihu Root was Secretary of War, the two men went riding one day.

They rode, side by side, for twelve miles. Several times General Corbin tried to get Secretary Root into conversation, but each time he failed.

They came home and Root hadn't said a dozen words. Corbin was commenting on this silence on the part of the Secretary later: "I suppose," said Corbin, "that Mr. Root is so used to talking for pay that he won't say anything unless he gets a retainer."

The Hall of Fame

¶ Senator Ankeny, of Washington, owns a string of banks in his State.

¶ Edward Clark, who wrote the "nature faker" interview with President Roosevelt, is celebrated as an expert ornithologist.

¶ Charles Spooner, son of ex-Senator Spooner, the famous Wisconsin statesman, is practicing law in Seattle. He looks like his father.

¶ Isaac Stephenson, the new Senator from Wisconsin, is seventy-eight years old and, it is said, has a million for each year and a few odd ones for leap years.

¶ August Belmont has been seen riding in his own subway in New York, which nails the stories of his exclusiveness. However, he has been caught at it but once.

¶ The story that President Roosevelt says "By George!" is stamped as a campaign lie in Washington. The President says: "By Godfrey!" and a few other things much more Presidential than "By George!"

¶ Robert L. Owen, who was selected to be one of the Senators from Oklahoma, is one-eighth Cherokee Indian. When he gets to Washington he will find congenial company in Senator Curtis, of Kansas, who is one-quarter Kaw.

¶ Thomas P. Gore, who was, early in the game, slated as the other Senator from Oklahoma, is blind. Moreover, he has the record for long-distance talking for the Southwest. He can speak on any topic longer than any other man in his section.

IN THE OPEN

Pennsylvania's Victory—Our Athletes Abroad—The Golf Champions

THE first half of the current year marks a record in brilliant achievement at home and commendable endeavor abroad for high honors in the outdoor world. It is true that the efforts on foreign soil have not been rewarded sufficiently to give any especial reason for pride of skill, but they must be applauded none the less, if for no other reason than for the worthy illustration they offer of the "try, try again" motto, without which the wheels of the universe would not revolve.

At home, the colleges in their final athletic championships furnished a set of games which resulted in the triumph of the University of Pennsylvania, and the making of half a dozen new records by as many athletes whose running and jumping have never before been equaled in any set of university sports. That is saying a great deal, but not really enough, for the games may truthfully be classed as the most brilliant in performance of any ever given in America.

Next to the performances of the athletes, the most impressive feature of the day was the unsuccessful team-struggles of the ancient and usually formidable Harvard and Yale Universities to make a place for themselves in the results of 1907. With characteristic courage and determination, Yale made the very most of every bit of skill and speed contained within her representatives, and succeeded in literally driving her way well to the front of the Harvard team, which a few weeks before had beaten her in a dual competition by a comfortable margin. Yale, indeed, succeeded in winning a third place, while Harvard finished far down among the very tail-enders—an experience to the Crimson as new as it must have been unpleasant.

Chasing Shadows

There is no worth in any sport at any institution except in so far as it builds up general interest among students and a general participation in its activities by the student body; which, in simpler language, means that it is the well-chosen team of fairly good men that shows the healthful athletic state, rather than the few individuals of unusually high quality. It does not follow as a matter of course that the college which happens to have a few brilliant performers is necessarily neglecting the best principles of athletics in attaining to especial prominence through the work of its star men; but the college which permits star-hunting by its track-team trainer, and which relies largely upon such stars for its position in the college athletic world, is chasing shadows. One year it may be at the top with respect to point-winning, the next year it may be at the bottom.

The most successful contenders of the 1907 championships, namely, Pennsylvania, which won first honors, and Michigan, which secured second place, owe their points to the stars whom they were so fortunate as to count among their otherwise rather more or less mediocre representatives. With the large amount of material which both of these universities have to draw upon, and this year's record as a fillip, no doubt they will each be wise enough now to take time by the forelock and devote the coming season of preparation to building the foundation of athletic teams which may give a good account of themselves, even after the stars of each have set.

The international phase of the sporting year looms important at this writing, even though it does not appear to hold many laurels for American pilgrims to England. The champion of our amateur golf links has been put out in one of the early rounds of the British event; one of our most expert women golfers has been worsted; and, more recently, Miss Sutton has gone down to defeat in the finals of the Northern Counties lawn-tennis championship of England. So far as women's tennis is concerned, there is some comfort in the fact that Miss Sutton is a one-time national champion not only of America, but also of Great Britain; but golf, either for men or for women, holds no like solace. For several years now we have been sending one or another of our first rank in an effort to bring back the championship trophy, and only once have we succeeded—when W. J. Travis defeated the best of the world. Usually, however, our men and women aspirants do not get very far into the tournament, and, as a rule, the women have made rather the better showing on foreign links.

The international event which interests me most just now, however, is the forthcoming struggle by an American team to bring back to its original home the international lawn-tennis trophy, known as the Davis Cup, which those very brilliant players, the Doherty brothers, captured at Newport several years ago. Two attempts, I think, we have made to recover our loss, and each one has been frustrated by the same consummate players who carried off the cup; under our present poor lawn-tennis system—which stunts promising material by permitting the mug-hunters of the first class to invade and filibuster State tournaments in which they have no residential right—our efforts would probably continue without avail so long as the Doherty brothers defended, because we have no one or two playing to-day, and none among the "promising material" of which we always hear just before the Newport event, who could beat the Dohertys.

But it is reported definitely that these famous brothers have retired from the game, and, on that account, there is some hope that the cup may come back. It is not satisfactory to win with the best out, and the sportsmen of America wish the best of both countries were going to meet; as it is, the two countries are nearly on even terms, for each, in a sense, is handicapped by its representation. The American team is further weighted by having only two instead of the three members to whom it is entitled, because business pressure prevents the remarkable player, W. J. Clothier, from making the trip. If this young man were able to join B. C. Wright and K. H. Behr—the lone champions of their fatherland—the chances are more than even that the cup would find its way back; without Clothier the chances are scarcely even, with the probabilities favoring Australia getting the trophy. It is America's golden opportunity, and it is a pity that the Association could not have sent a team more representative of our full strength, which, by the way, is weak enough at its best.

Where the Strength Lies

Next to Clothier, Wright is about our strongest player, though Behr is very promising, and one day will, if he continues to improve, be in the champion class. At all events, if we were to be restricted to a team or two, perhaps no two would more fittingly fill the difficult rôle, for they are both strong in the important matter of endurance and of playing the game out to the very end.

The real task of the Americans will be in overcoming the Australian pair, Brookes and Wilding, and if they are successful in this quarter, as is extremely doubtful, I, for one, will count somewhat confidently on their recapturing the cup, because the most formidable Englishmen they may meet are Smith and Risely, who, though standing next to the Dohertys in the English ranking, are separated by a considerable space from that pair in actual playing skill. Granting that the Americans do get so far as this in the international tournament, they must rely upon success in all their singles' matches for final victory. They are not likely to win the doubles' event from Smith and Risely, who were good enough to beat the Doherty brothers. True, the poor health and condition of one of the brothers answers for that defeat, but Smith and Risely make a strong team, probably too strong for Wright and Behr. On the other hand, the Americans have a fair chance in the doubles against the Australians to help out the singles' match which is apt to be lost against Brookes.

All told, the outlook for the Americans is not reassuring; if they win with the chances so against them, the Association should vote them a medal for a courageous battle against discouraging odds; and, in any event, we shall laud them for their pluck in at least making their best effort for the sporting honor of their country. Some of our lawn-tennis players have failed signally in that admirable quality, but it is pleasing to record that tennis must hold more than its share of the kind of sportsman who refuses to get into the game unless he feels sure of winning. It is not an American characteristic to bet only on a certainty—if it were, they would still be raising coyotes in Wisconsin—and we are happy it has not spread beyond some weak-hearted players of lawn tennis.

The Golf Champions

A golf enthusiast from out of the West has taken exceptions to my comment some weeks ago on the desirability, for the sake of the game's welfare, of limiting the entries to the national championship to the winners and the runners-up of State championship tournaments. As his letter is much of the type I often receive from the well-meaning but one-sided thinkers, let me quote a paragraph. He says:

> Your suggestion . . . is manifestly unfair for several reasons. To begin with, the two best men in each State would not in all probability enter for the National event. I would venture a guess that not half would show up. . . . I am surprised that you missed one point that in itself would almost certainly ruin the annual U. S. G. A. championships. Supposing, for example, it was decided to follow your suggestion and the National would be decided from a field of State champions and runners-up. Take Illinois, for instance. I can cite a dozen men from Chicago alone, including Chandler Egan, D. E. Sawyer, R. E. Hunter, K. P. Edwards, Mason Phelps, G. F. Clingman, Jr., Warren K. Wood, etc., who are not more than three strokes apart when playing their game. By your system only two of these first-class players are allowed to compete in the National. On the other hand, the Texas, Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota, and that outfit of third and fourth class players are given the call, not because they have any merit, but because they are State champions.

It is just that "outfit" of whom I was thinking when I wrote my original suggestion, and it is just that "outfit," namely, the great rank and file, that are to be depended upon to keep golf, or any other game, in healthful growth and condition. No sport ever thrived, or ever will thrive, by adjusting its conditions to meet the desires of its experts at the expense of disregarding the needs of the rank and file. It is not the handful of crack players around Chicago, or New York, or Boston, that will give golf permanent prosperity; and, when the legislators of a game think only of their "best" players, they are not only courting stagnation for the game itself, but following a course which will result finally in lowering the average playing skill of the first class—for there must be activity all along the line, if the quality of the highest grades is to be maintained at its best. Lawn tennis is, at the present day, suffering from just such a policy, and golfers should take timely warning.

Lawn tennis and golf should take a leaf out of the baseball experience-book and divide their competitive honors among metropolitan (for the large cities) and State and National tournaments, restricting the entries to actual residents in the case of the metropolitan and State events, and to the first and second men in the annual National championships.

A few years of such arrangement would put so much new life into these two games that the "old guard" could scarcely trace an outline of their more narrow and stifling policy. If competition, as it is said, is the life of trade, certainly honest rivalry is the soul of healthful play. —"FAIR-PLAY."

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For a few weeks only we will make to your measure any Suit, Skirt, Jacket or Raincoat shown in our Summer Catalogue of New York Styles at a reduction of one-fifth from our regular prices.

Our reason for this unusual offer? We must dispose of all our Summer fabrics immediately to make room for our Fall stock.

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HOW I LOST MY SAVINGS

A Misfit Speculation in Farming

MY FATHER is something of a gardener. He has raised more tomatoes, more carrots, more turnips and more other kinds of garden truck to the square rod than were ever raised before in Northern Herkimer County, New York. He is a book-farmer. All the agricultural pamphlets issued by various departments of agriculture in the northeastern States are sent to him regularly, and he follows their precepts with great care and enthusiasm. The result is, people come many miles to see his beets and cabbages, peas and hill beans.

Among those who came was a young school-teacher, who saw in agriculture a ready means for wealth. He borrowed a pamphlet on potatoes, talked fertilizers with father for an hour or so and then made an investment.

He rented two acres on a sandy level down toward Hinckley; he bought a ton of fertilizer for twenty-seven dollars; he bought thirty-five bushels of seed potatoes at a dollar a bushel; the plowing cost him six dollars, and harrowing three dollars more. Without counting the hours he himself put in, his total outlay was upward of eighty dollars.

His neighbors watched the crop with interest. Few of them had any faith whatever in book-farming, and counted father's success as one of the freaks of Nature. They did not believe any other man could do what he had done once in a thousand times.

But when the potatoes began to show their fuzzy, crinkled tops above the hills, and the field exhibited a growth unsurpassed anywhere around, there was a slump in the comments, for a time at least.

The school-teacher worked molelike, mulching the soil of his potato patch. He saw the first potato bug come, and killed it between two sticks. Then he saw some more, which he also killed mechanically. Soon they came too thickly for him; the time for spraying arrived. He bought a six-dollar sprayer. But with the spraying days came an offer from a party of fishermen who needed a guide. They told the school-teacher, a sturdy chap, that they would pay him two dollars a day for seven days' guiding. The teacher accepted, and went into the woods, leaving his unused spray in the woodshed.

Eight days later the school-teacher returned from the woods with fourteen dollars in his pocket. He went forthwith to his potato patch with the spray to poison the bugs. Every green leaf was eaten by the insects. In one week the two acres of potatoes was rendered a field of ruin. When digging time came the school-teacher did not get his seed back. His neglect of the field for the sake of fourteen dollars cost him at least two hundred dollars clear profit, as well as the actual outlay of more than one hundred dollars cash and time.

This school-teacher and all his neighbors could not be convinced by any demonstration now that scientific farming pays. Not only did the school-teacher by his grasping at fourteen dollars lose for himself a fine profit, but he checked for years the application of scientific principles to the mountain valley farms. —*R. S. S.*

The Sale of Griffer

"THERE is the finest dog in America," remarked my companion. We were sitting on the porch of an Atlantic City hotel, in March, 1903. I had always prided myself on my knowledge of dogs, and, in fact, kept a small kennel at my Pennsylvania home.

I looked up and saw an English bulldog approaching, led by a man of middle age. I at once recognized the dog as the celebrated Darby Griffer.

"I am going to examine that dog, because I have often seen him in bench shows, and I guess I'll buy him," I said. The latter part of my remark was in jest, as I knew the dog's owners would not dispose of him at any figure.

The gentleman with the dog sat down not far from us and began stroking the dog. My acquaintance, whose knowledge of dogs seemed unlimited, suggested that we examine Griffer. Accordingly, I opened the conversation. "Pardon me, sir, but what is the name of your dog?"

"Darby Griffer. Guess you have heard of him."

Thereupon we sat down and became engrossed in dog-talk. We were all strangers, as I thought. Afterward I found out, to my sorrow, that we were not.

I asked the value of Darby Griffer, and was told twenty-five hundred dollars.

"I'll give you two thousand dollars cash for him," I remarked, again in jest.

"No, I would not sell him for less than twenty-five hundred dollars," was the reply.

"What!" I cried. "Is he yours?"

"Yes," he replied. "I purchased him about a month ago for two thousand dollars."

Then I began to scrutinize Griffer closely, and the owner, whose assumed name was Jenks, brought forth a long pedigree, which I read with covetous eyes.

Next morning I was up early and, seeing Mr. Gruger, my first acquaintance, I asked him what he thought of Griffer. I also asked him to examine him and let me know if he were worth twenty-five hundred dollars. Later in the day we met Mr. Jenks with Griffer.

"You said you would sell Griffer for twenty-five hundred dollars cash, did you not?" I asked.

"I most assuredly did," he replied with a smile.

Meanwhile Mr. Gruger was examining Griffer with what I considered the skilled eye of an expert kennel-keeper. He looked up and said: "That dog's health is fine. His eyes and teeth could not be better. In fact, he is the best-built English bull I ever saw."

I was thoroughly satisfied with the dog, his pedigree and his value, so I made out a check for twenty-five hundred dollars, which I saw Mr. Jenks cash at the hotel, and Darby Griffer, so called, became mine.

Two days later I went to my kennels at my home with Griffer and without the slightest misgiving. Inside of a week I was entirely disillusioned. I found out that the original Darby Griffer was at his kennels, where he should be, and that I had paid twenty-five hundred dollars for a dog resembling him, which I afterward sold for forty dollars. —*E. A. G.*

THE RANSOM OF RED CHIEF

(*Concluded from Page 9*)

"I was rode," says Bill, "the ninety miles to the stockade, not barring an inch. Then, when the settlers was rescued, I was given oats. Sand ain't a palatable substitute. And then, for an hour I had to try to explain to him why there was nothin' in holes, how a road can run both ways and what makes the grass green. I tell you, Sam, a human can only stand so much. I takes him by the neck of his clothes and drags him down the mountain. On the way he kicks my legs black-and-blue from the knees down; and I've got to have two or three bites on my thumb and hand cauterized.

"But he's gone"—continues Bill—"gone home. I showed him the road to Summit and kicked him about eight feet nearer there at one kick. I'm sorry we lose the ransom; but it was either that or Bill Driscoll to the madhouse."

Bill is puffing and blowing, but there is a look of ineffable peace and growing content on his rose-pink features.

"Bill," says I, "there isn't any heart disease in your family, is there?"

"No," says Bill, "nothing chronic except malaria and accidents. Why?"

"Then you might turn around," says I, "and have a look behind you."

Bill turns and sees the boy, and loses his complexion and sits down plump on the ground and begins to pluck aimlessly at grass and little sticks. For an hour I was afraid for his mind. And then I told him that my scheme was to put the whole job through immediately and that we would get the ransom and be off with it by midnight if old Dorset fell in with our proposition. So Bill braced up enough to give the kid a weak sort of a smile and a promise to play the Russian in a Japanese war with him as soon as he felt a little better.

I had a scheme for collecting that ransom without danger of being caught by counterplots that ought to commend itself to professional kidnapers. The tree under which the answer was to be left—and the money later on—was close to the road fence with big, bare fields on all sides. If a gang of constables should be watching for any one to come for the note they could see him a long way off crossing the fields or in the road. But, no, sirree! At half-past eight I was up in that tree, as well hidden as a tree toad, waiting for the messenger to arrive.

Exactly on time, a half-grown boy rides up the road on a bicycle, locates the pasteboard box at the foot of the fence-post, slips a folded piece of paper into it and pedals away again back toward Summit.

I waited an hour and then concluded the thing was square. I slid down the tree, got the note, slipped along the fence till I struck the woods, and was back at the cave in another half an hour. I opened the note, got near the lantern and read it to Bill. It was written with a pen in a crabbed hand, and the sum and substance of it was this:

Two Desperate Men.

Gentlemen: I received your letter to-day by post, in regard to the ransom you ask for the return of my son. I think you are a little high in your demands, and I hereby make you a counter-proposition, which I am inclined to believe you will accept. You bring Johnny home and pay me two hundred and fifty dollars in cash, and I agree to take him off your hands. You had better come at night, for the neighbors believe he is lost, and I couldn't be responsible for what they would do to anybody they saw bringing him back. Very respectfully,

EBENEZER DORSET.

"Great pirates of Penzance!" says I; "of all the impudent ——"

But I glanced at Bill, and hesitated. He had the most appealing look in his eyes I ever saw on the face of a dumb or a talking brute.

"Sam," says he, "what's two hundred and fifty dollars, after all? We've got the money. One more night of this kid will send me to a bed in Bedlam. Besides being a thorough gentleman, I think Mr. Dorset is a spendthrift for making us such a liberal offer. You ain't going to let the chance go, are you?"

"Tell you the truth, Bill," says I, "this little he ewe lamb has somewhat got on my nerves, too. We'll take him home, pay the ransom and make our get-away."

We took him home that night. We got him to go by telling him that his father had bought a silver-mounted rifle and a pair of moccasins for him, and we were going to hunt bears the next day.

It was just twelve o'clock when we knocked at Ebenezer's front door. Just at the moment when I should have been abstracting the fifteen hundred dollars from the box under the tree, according to the original proposition, Bill was counting out two hundred and fifty dollars into Dorset's hand.

When the kid found out we were going to leave him at home he started up a howl like a calliope and fastened himself as tight as a leech to Bill's leg. His father peeled him away gradually, like a porous plaster.

"How long can you hold him?" asks Bill.

"I am not as strong as I used to be," says old Dorset, "but I think I can promise you ten minutes."

"Enough," says Bill. "In ten minutes I shall cross the Central, Southern and Middle Western States, and be legging it trippingly for the Canadian border."

And, as dark as it was, and as fat as Bill was, and as good a runner as I am, he was a good mile and a half out of Summit before I could catch up with him.

A CHAIN of EVIDENCE

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I have a number of exceptionally choice industrial sites located in the Pittsburgh District and enjoying every possible advantage in the way of Low freight rates—Unexcelled shipping facilities—Cheap coal and natural gas—Electric power—plenty of room for expansion. I want to get into touch with industrial establishments contemplating a change of location—And am willing to pay

A Liberal Commission

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All correspondence will be treated as absolutely confidential.

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Complete—the engine you want—a proven success—not an experiment. Thousands in use. Quiet, smooth operating, correctly designed—delivers power in excess of rating

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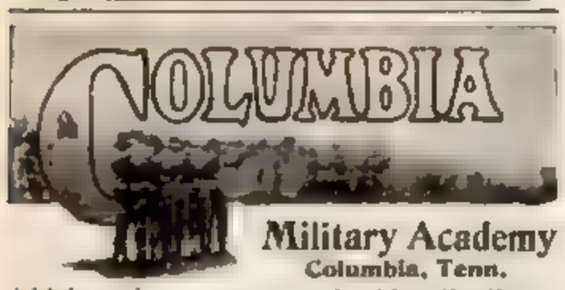

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Would you like to work for us a few hours each day and increase your income. Write us to-day.

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YOUR SAVINGS

MINING LURES FOR INVESTORS

SOMEBODY once said that a mine "is a hole in the ground into which suckers drop money." This homely saying conveys a very costly truth. For years, mines and mining propositions have lured the investor into speculation. There have been periods of what has well been termed "mining madness." During these times the unwary and the gullible have been fleeced of their savings. Yet the impetuous investor, always seeking to get rich over night, seems never to be able to profit by the experience of those who lost before him at the same game.

You often hear the expression, "He has got a gold mine," used to denote that a man has a good thing and is making a lot of money out of it, because a gold mine, according to long-established belief, was the ideal and unfailing source of wealth. Nowadays, as soon as a mining proposition is sprung, nearly everybody looks upon it as the Heaven-born opportunity to get in on the proverbial good thing. The shrewd mining promoter knows well how to play upon this almost universal human weakness, and the result usually is a rich harvest for the promoter and a large and painful amount of regret for the investor who has been separated from his money.

Thus the story of American finance is studded with records of mining losses. Ever since the famous gold strike in California in 1849 there have been these epochs of wild mining speculation. Discoveries in new fields usually start them. Then the public goes mad and falls victim to "wildcat" schemes, falsely and often criminally labeled "investment."

An Epidemic of Mining Fever

Just now the country is suffering from a very bad case of mining fever. It was started by the discovery of rich gold ore in Nevada. Many valuable mines were developed, and this was followed by a stampede of promoters to the scene. Scores of "camps" were formed. The promoters have used the producing mines as examples of "what might be expected," and on this glittering promise have roped in the savings of thousands of people in all parts of the country. Practically wherever you pick up a newspaper you can read glaring, alluring advertisements of mining stocks that promise to make you rich almost over night. Judging from some of these advertisements, you would be led to believe that the promoters had all turned philanthropists and were torn with a desire to benefit mankind. But most of it is plain, old-fashioned gambling.

There are three kinds of mining propositions before the public:

1. Gold mining, which is probably the most popular, and which comprises the bulk of mining speculation.

2. Copper mining, which includes a host of schemes kept alive by market manipulation of the stock.

3. Silver mining, the recent boom in which grew out of the growing demand for the metal, coupled with the discovery of rich deposits in Canada.

Let us see how most of these schemes are developed, and how they enrich no one but the promoters.

The Way of the Promoter

In the first place, the great majority of really valuable mining properties in the new fields, whose producing and earning capacity has been tested, are owned and controlled by a few men. The public rarely gets a chance to get in on the ground floor of these propositions which are the real, bona-fide good things. In the case of the Nevada gold fields, for example, which started the present gold fever, the men who made the "finds," in many cases, wisely got private capital to develop them. They did not organize large companies, put out seductive advertisements and ask the public to come in and share the rich bounty. Hence many of the alleged mines whose stock is being so widely sold are practically unproved and undeveloped properties.

Right here, then, comes the principal evil of mining speculation, for it lies in the schemes floated by promoters. This is one of the favorite plans: The promoters get a claim in the ore-belt and organize a company with a capital stock of one million dollars. The par value of each share is one dollar. The capital is usually in the millions because, by long and profitable experience, the promoter has learned that people would rather be buncoed in million-dollar propositions than in smaller ones. It is easy to pick up ore and to get "expert" assays containing imposing figures that look well in advertisements. The stock is sold anywhere from one cent to twenty-five cents a share.

Then the advertising campaign begins. Alluring advertisements, promising anywhere from twenty to forty per cent. profit, are spread broadcast. "Market letters" are issued, that tell in eloquent language of the dazzling possibilities of the mine, but most of the language is consumed in describing mines in the neighborhood that have produced ore. By means of this sort of advertising it is possible to sell some of the stock and realize cash.

When enough money has been secured work begins. Sometimes a shaft is sunk. Then it is discovered that it is necessary to have a hoist, or a mill, or something else, and work must cease "or continue at a loss," as the promoters put it, until the needed improvements are made. This gives the opportunity to sell more stock. The stockholders and the public generally are notified that they may buy stock at the old price before it is raised—"but you must buy now" is the injunction.

Frequently, at this juncture, some of the stock is manipulated in the market, if it happens to slip in as a "listed" stock in one of the Western exchanges. This helps to create an interest in the stock. More money is raised by this second campaign, and the mine is developed some. The promoters always keep a majority of the stock, so that, in the event of the mine panning out big, they get the lion's share of profits. But in the event of failure—and this is the more common story—the mine is shut down, often by order of court, and all that the stockholder has is his certificate of stock, which shows that he has lost his savings.

Genuine Gambling

Of course, many mining promoters do not deliberately set out to rob the public. But the fact remains—and it is this fact that the investor should keep in mind when considering the matter—that, at best, all mining stock is speculation, and, until the mine's producing and earning capacity is proved, it is the wildest sort of gambling.

One reason why so many people lose their savings in mining speculation is that they find it difficult to resist the allurements of the cunningly-written advertisements. These advertisements are printed often by reputable newspapers.

One of these advertisements was accompanied by a "guarantee" to the stockholder that if he was not satisfied with the investment "after a year," the promoter would sell the stock for him "at the highest market price." This sounds good, but often there is no market price, and, sometimes, no mine, at the end of a year.

The investor is also told that he can buy on the installment plan, one promoter declaring in an advertisement of five-cent stock: "I only want five dollars from you to-day, to give me a chance to make you rich."

Many of these mining companies are incorporated under the laws of the State of Arizona, which, according to an advertisement of a guarantee company, are: "The most liberal in the United States. Legislatures cannot repeal your charter. Keep offices and do business elsewhere."

The Actual Results

Not long ago a Wall Street statistician made a study of these "get rich quick" mining companies. Out of a hundred companies investigated it developed that exactly eight had ever paid dividends. Of this eight only one company paid an actual dividend (it was four per cent.), and this was paid after the hardest effort. The other seven paid dividends, presumably out of their stock sales for the purpose of influencing the sale of the stock.

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We have for sale several issues of

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which are direct obligations of cities and school districts in growing sections of the country. We offer these bonds at prices to yield

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Equitable Banking and Loan Co
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WESTINGHOUSE

Convertible, $1000, 5 per cent. Bonds, pay over 5 3-4 per cent. at present, N. Y. Stock Exchange Prices. Write for details.

Security Investment Co.
PITTSBURGH, PA
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Best grade of Cedar Canoe for $20.00. We sell direct, saving you $20.00 on a canoe. All canoes cedar and copper fastened.

We make all sizes and styles, also power canoes. Write for free catalogue giving prices with retailers' profit cut out. We are the largest manufacturers of canoes in the world.

DETROIT BOAT CO., 113 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

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$1 a year. Sample copy 10 cents.

Devoted to Portland cement construction, treating of concrete sidewalks, concrete block houses, churches, cement barns, silos, fences, etc.

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PHILADELPHIA.

Issues unequalled policies protecting against loss of income due to any accident or disease, at small monthly premiums. Write for circulars. **Agents Wanted.**

Here is a story that shows what happens when you put the actual test to mining stock: A New York banker loaned a friend some money. It was purely a personal matter. The only collateral the man could give was two thousand shares of gold mining stock. The next day the banker called up a broker of the "curb" market where much mining stock is sold, and asked him if there had been any offerings of the stock he held as collateral.

"Yes," replied the broker.

"What's the price?" asked the banker.

He was told that $1 had been bid and $1¼ asked for it.

"Sell five hundred shares for me," said the banker.

The next day the "curb" broker called up the banker and said:

"I am very sorry, but there is no market for that stock." Thus its whole value was fictitious.

The best advice in regard to the buying of mining stock such as is being advertised to-day in large quantities and at low price is that once given by a hard-headed business man, who said to a prospective buyer

"First investigate the company thoroughly; be sure that the people behind it are honest, and then invest in something else."

LITERARY FOLK

THEIR WAYS AND THEIR WORK

Holman F. Day

Moore's Idea of Héloise

IN HIS last book, a book of the memoir kind, George Moore, the realist, described himself as being "gold as the sun." With less felicity, but greater accuracy, a distinguished dramatist described him as resembling a bad ice cream.

One day he came rushing into the offices of The Saturday Review, and cried to Frank Harris, then the editor, "I've been reading the letters of Héloise to Abelard, Harris! What do you *think* of them? Do you *believe* in them?"

"What's the matter with them? I have always thought they were all right," said Harris.

"Oh, come, they're impossible, now, Harris! Quite impossible!"

"Are they? I thought they were authentic," said Harris.

"They're *nonsense*, Harris—sheer *nonsense!* No woman ever wrote letters like that to *me!!!*"

Well-Disguised Americans

WE ARE waiting to hear the critics pronounce Mr. Marriott Watson's The Privateers a greater romance than the Odyssey, The Three Guardsmen and Redgauntlet. Homer and Dumas supplied a few rousing scraps with which to salt their leisurely pages, but Mr. Watson, when he once gets started and has cut loose from the golf-field and the hotel, keeps up a continuous fire of pistol-shots, captures and rescues, hairbreadth escapes and villainous daring. Homer and the others, to be sure, paid some respect to human probability, which doesn't bother Mr. Watson for a moment.

The two American millionaires who fight for control of a railroad across the person of a gentle English girl, using her as hostage or counter in their ruthless game, are as vulgar a pair of crooks as a novelist could conceive. Apparently, Mr. Watson thinks he has embodied in them the chief qualities of our financial aristocracy—of the men "who do things and do them quick." Alston and Rudgwick do not hesitate to break the laws of chivalry any more than the laws of the land in their game to outwit each other.

But the only recognizably American trait that they exhibit is their coolness. Where Mr. Watson picked up the choice vocabulary of distorted slang with which they muddle their remarks would be interesting to know. Perhaps it was overheard at the Carlton or the Cecil. But does he really think that this jabber is the American language?

The best that can be said for these millionaire toughs from Chicago and Montana is that they have more life in them than the sappy, young English naval officer who plays the chivalrous hero. And they are spared the luscious love-making that the author puts into the latter's mouth.

The Sick Man's New Problem

PIERRE LOTI is better known to Americans than most foreign authors. His Iceland Fisherman, Madame Chrysantheme and The Marriage of Loti have been liked by many on this side of the Atlantic, although they contain little of that "action" which the reviewers are fond of talking about. Loti's poetic, impressionistic books are as unlike as possible the favorite types of fiction, but they are none the less good.

To the wandering naval captain, who has found the leisure to write twenty-seven volumes, the favorite field has been Turkey, Constantinople, Stamboul, Ispahan. He comes back to the Turk again in The Disenchanted—but with a purpose! His book is a plea for the oppressed, for the married women who are forever shut behind the lattices of the harem. The astonishing thing, as Loti presents their case, is the condition of advanced education and culture of these upper-class Turkish women. They are dressed from Paris, live in French boudoirs, speak the European languages, read Nietzsche and Schopenhauer, as well as Loti and Gyp—and with all this these women may never talk with a Man. The pity of it!

The three charming, veiled Musulmans who confide their troubles to the author are all divorced or widowed; two of them finally commit suicide rather than reënter the married state. The fate of Djenane especially is a pathetic little tale.

There are apparently two ways out of this woman question for Turkey: less education or more liberty. As Woman rarely forfeits anything she has once had, the former is impossible. So the next problem for the Sick Man of the East is the New Woman. We extend him our deep sympathy.

Clyde Fitch's Advice

AT A DINNER given in his honor in New York not long ago, Clyde Fitch told of the advice he once gave an aspiring young novelist who worried him with his books. It appears that the embryo Fielding was better qualified to sell shoes than write novels. One day he came to Mr. Fitch in a great state of mind. He declared:

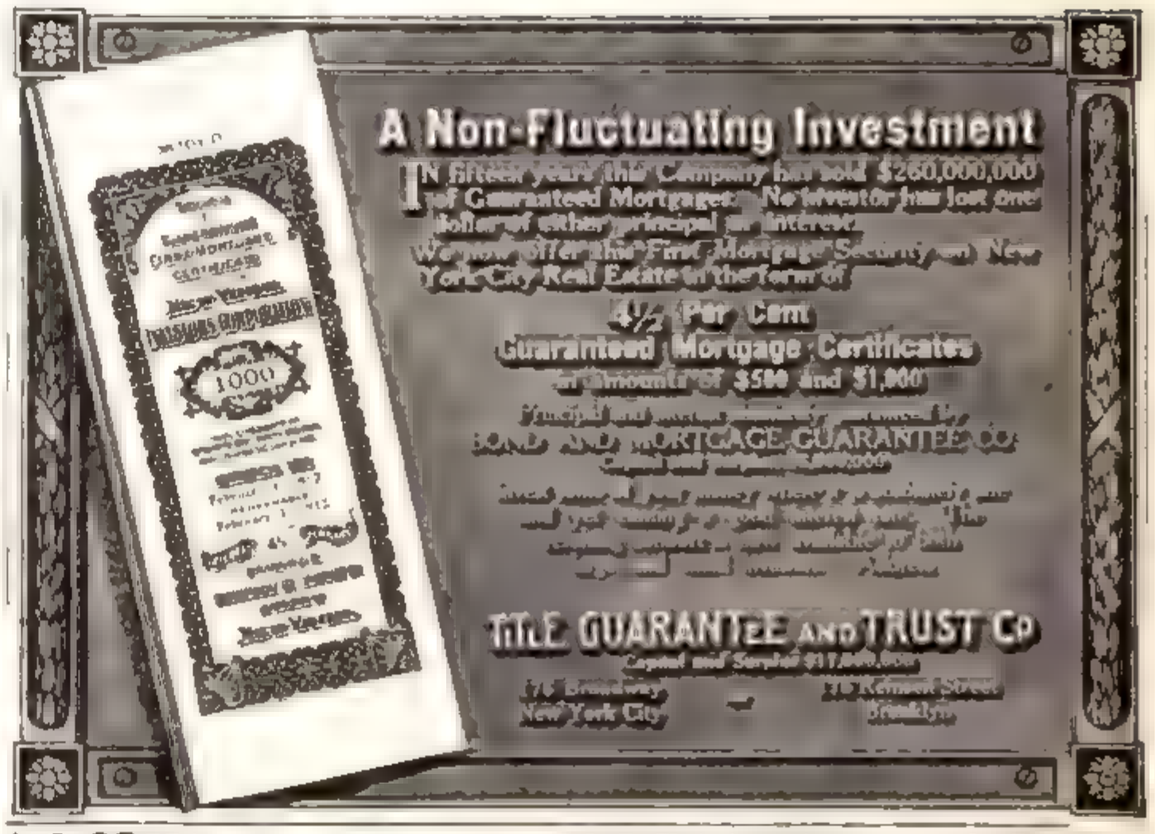
"No one will read my manuscripts. There is a conspiracy of silence against me."

"Join it," advised Mr. Fitch.

Browning to the Many

EVEN in Browning there was some balm for those who find his poems too cryptic for the common mind. In a letter of the poet's, lately brought to light, he says:

"I can have little doubt that my writing has been in the main too hard for many I should have been pleased to communicate with; but I never designedly tried to puzzle people, as some of my critics have supposed. On the other hand, I never pretended to offer such literature as should be a substitute for a cigar or a game of dominoes to an idle man. So perhaps, on the whole, I get my deserts and something over—not a crowd, but a few I value more."



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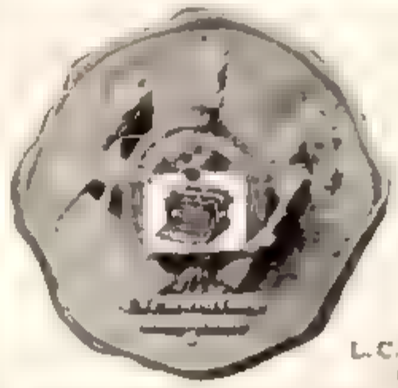

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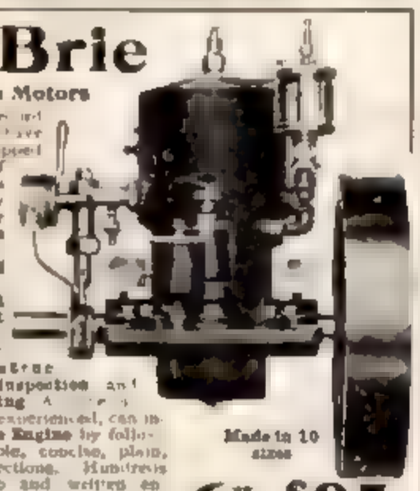

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THE ART OF HANDLING MEN

(Concluded from Page 11)

the live news of the whole system. Another element in handling men is attention to their personal finance problems. It was necessary in the past to bring about weekly payment of wages by law. There is still an amazing amount of pig-headedness in this matter, and too little attention to the worker's desire to have his pay every Saturday night. But many employers have inaugurated profit-sharing systems and enable their men to buy stock below the market price, with installment payments. How far a little attention goes in this direction is shown in the padrone system, for which there is little but condemnation. The padrone enslaves newly-arrived Italians and charges them enormous commissions for finding work, and high rents for the tenements they live in. But the following experience of the New York street-cleaning department shows that there is also a thick gilding to his fetters.

Until 1896 it was the custom in this department to draw upon padrones for the large extra force needed in cleaning up a big snowstorm. The padrone furnished young, robust men in any quantity at $1.50 apiece per day. What he paid was a matter between them and himself. But each man got his money for his day's work every night from the padrone and the latter waited weeks for the lump payment that came through the slow channels of the city government. Labor agitators fastened on this system and a law was passed requiring the city to pay two dollars a day for snow shovelers, and to hire only naturalized citizens, after physical examination. It was difficult to get men under the new law, and the slow system of city payment made the padrone system preferable.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of papers on modern methods in the management of employees.

BY "WIRELESS"

(Continued from Page 5)

been doing—and to as much more as we will—and that the winner will, without taking extraordinary precaution, pit himself alone against Mr. Manling. That is, let the winner compact to carry and hold the pools each day with the ordinary carelessness of travelers with money, leaving their cabin doors 'on the hook' and so on." Preston concluded with a smile: "and let Mr. Manling compact in return to operate only against the winners of our pools!"

After the "Hear; hear!" had died down: "The gentlemen will all now take paper, each writing upon it yes or no, as he accepts or declines this proposition. Mr. Manling, as evidence that he is here and accepts, will write in addition the monogram which is upon my purse he stole last night. As Mr. Dunneston and I lead, please all file by and drop your ballots into the hat here."

"Manling is present! He has agreed!" Preston cried, as he took up a slip of paper after all had passed.

"And all the gentlemen have voted yes!" the captain concluded. "From the reports that have come to me of Mr. Manling, I feel secure now in thanking you for having removed the more embarrassing possibilities from this affair. Is it the sense that this agreement binds at once?"

A middle-aged American broker edged forward.

"Mr. Harrister, who won the pool to-day," Preston announced, "asks me to say to Mr. Manling that he voted upon this agreement considering it retroactive—that is, to include the pool he won to-day. The captain will keep no extra watch upon Mr. Harrister's room. And let all honest men play fair and give the thief his chance!"

"Gentlemen," cried Dunneston, "shall we now retire to the smoking-room and bid upon the next pool? Let us follow the spirit of our agreement and bid it high!"

The women clapped as the men laughed and filed out, looking at each other.

II

"BY THE 'wireless'?" "We'd lost land; but the Hibernia relayed it. Six feet, dark hair and eyes; gray clothes."

"But that might not make it him; it might be a dozen."

"Not so many."

Miss Varris, now thoroughly awake, sat up and listened intently.

"Of course, he could easily have stolen it from himself to put up this game. But the girl—would he ——"

The voices without hushed and moved away.

"*Did* he?" Miss Varris caught. "Couldn't *she* have ——"

The girl stared about blankly. A note had been put under her door; she seized it hastily, and read:

Dear Miss Varris:

I am writing this to catch you before you leave your cabin. I will state the plain facts without comment.

You know that the captain sent yesterday, by "wireless," for any description or indication the police might get of the man known as Manling. No reply came yesterday.

Early this morning, when we first arose, Mr. Dunneston and I both went to the "wireless" room to inquire, when we found that we had been out of communication with land almost since our message yesterday morning. But we found that the Hibernia, about two hundred miles nearer than we, and with which we were then in communication, had very recently talked with land.

Our operator then asked the Hibernia to relay our message to land; but at first she could not get into communication. Our operator was for giving it up, and I confess that—as you will probably hear soon enough, anyway—I gave it up, too, and went away with him or got him to go away with me, as you prefer; but Dunneston stayed by it, and we had scarcely got away when he called us back to see if the call ticking on our resonators might not be for us.

Without wasting words, Miss Varris, the Hibernia was then calling us to relay to us the message we had been expecting. It stated simply that the police had obtained a description of the man known as Manling. He was six feet tall, tanned and with dark hair and eyes, and, in short, I admit without question, corresponded in the most complete way a general description can to myself.

Also the pool which Mr. Harrister won yesterday was taken last night. He took me down into his cabin to show me the place and the conditions of his keeping the pool, to ask me if it was according to agreement. This morning it was gone.

You will understand, of course, that I am now practically positively identified to the ship as Manling; and I send this to you before you leave your cabin, I hope, so you may govern yourself upon full information to date.

Very sincerely yours,
RICHARD PRESTON.

P. S. I should also add the most embarrassing feature. They think, of course, that I stole my own pool to effect the arrangement I made last night. It has been gossiped also that you pretended the loss of your things and the chloroforming to assist me. Perhaps, you will appreciate best from this the action you must take toward me. I, of course, shall fully appreciate your position. I am temporarily left at large.

Miss Varris hesitated, reread the note carefully and, crumpling it in her hand, hurried on with her clothes and went out.

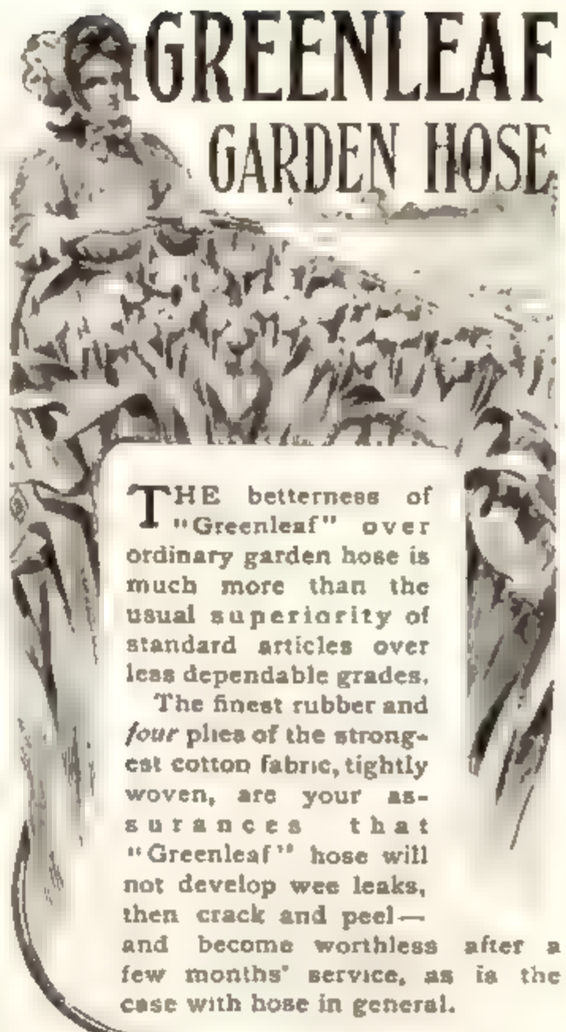
She had expected a stare; but the direct and uncovert stare that met her as she came upon deck, and kept ringing her round as she proceeded toward her chair at the stern, made her color, not so much with mortification as with anger, which steadied her to her determination.

As she came toward the stern she was conscious, however, with some admission of relief, that the stare upon her was being diverted, or at least divided. She looked up and saw Preston before her.

"Good-morning!"

Preston drew back, but recovered himself at once.

GREENLEAF GARDEN HOSE



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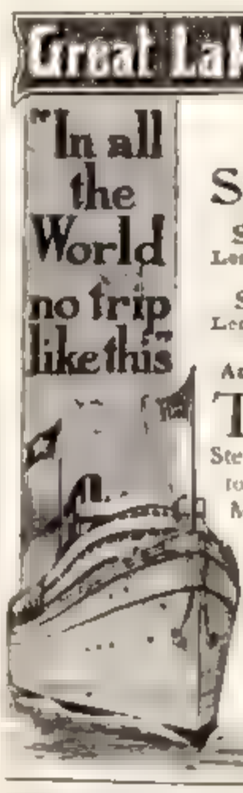

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"Good-morning!" he stammered. He drew her hurriedly against the rail. "Why—haven't you heard?" he asked. "Didn't you get my note?"

"Yes," the girl answered simply. She looked at him frankly, and he reddened again.

"This is—awfully good of you, Miss Varris," he stammered appreciatively. "It's awfully good. You don't know how I—appreciate this. But you shouldn't. Really you shouldn't! Didn't I tell you what some of them are saying already?" he asked. "And really—I didn't dare hope but that you, too, might think—like the rest. But, even if you don't, you shouldn't do this. If for no other reason, you are here without any older person and—it will make you conspicuous."

"Make me?" the girl laughed. "You didn't see my entrance upon deck, did you? Why, really," she forced on lightly, "the only relief I got at all was when I came up to you; then I got only half the stare. And, since I must pay anyway, why not make the most of the joke? Cut you, after spending almost the whole last two days on deck with you before them all?"

"No; not cut me," Preston answered, "but——"

"Did you really think I might suspect you?" she challenged. "Why, how could I without suspecting myself, too?" she laughed. "You said yourself I was implicated."

"That was only some foolish talk, not a tenth as serious as the other," Preston corrected hastily. "I—yes, really, I wasn't sure but you might think it—like the others," he qualified.

"You're so absurd," the girl said. "You told me yesterday that your English association was getting upon your mind; and I believe it. Why, I saw you suspected of a good deal *worse* at Applestone, and when I saw the funny side of that you weren't so absurd. Oh, of course," she cried, understandingly, "don't you see? These people don't know anything about you; they never saw you before; and, as they know it has to be one of the first cabin, why shouldn't they be as likely to think it you as any one else, when they have evidence? But now if I told them about Applestone, too——"

"Wait, Miss Varris," Preston checked her, assuming a lighter tone than he felt. "You don't seem to realize that half this ship is English and—don't, for Heaven's sake, tell them about that Applestone business. Don't tell even the Americans. By George!" he cried, seriously again, "can't you realize? *I am Manling*—constructively, do you understand. And it's not only the English; it's the Americans, too. Do you appreciate that the Americans, too, think I did this?"

"This? Of course they do. Oh, don't be so quick," the girl reassured hastily, as Preston moved suddenly. "I mean, of course, they *might* suspect you of this; for, except for robbing me, which they don't believe anyway, you said, this is a sort of probable—I mean a *conceivable* thing. But the other isn't; and if they knew how you'd been taken for that, too——"

"Thank you," Preston interrupted. "You are awfully kind, and, really, I appreciate your good intentions. But, really, Miss Varris, do you think that the *best* way of showing the absurdity of suspecting me of ordinary or, rather, extraordinary larceny is by getting me suspected of bank robbery also, and with assault with intent to kill? I don't know," he said tentatively, "that the American mind is so different from the English mind, after all. You want to free me from suspicion in almost precisely the same manner my friend, Mr. Dunneston, was trying to help me this morning.

"I caught the honest old sport," Preston explained, "sincerely trying to convince his card-table in the smoking-room that I couldn't be Manling—and he is one of the few who honestly doubts it; but that's no compliment in this case—because Manling never does bodily harm; whereas, upon precisely the same evidence which makes me Manling, I could be assumed to be the chap who knocked his senses out of the bank cashier at Applestone. Thank you, the Manling frying-pan is quite hot enough without the Applestone bank-assault fire."

"But what are you going to do?" asked the girl.

"I don't know. Wait, I guess. Anyway, I'm not going to circulate the idea that it's absurd to suspect me of larceny because I was suspected of bank robbery and assault

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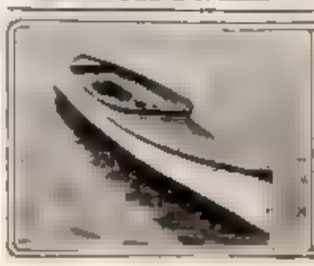

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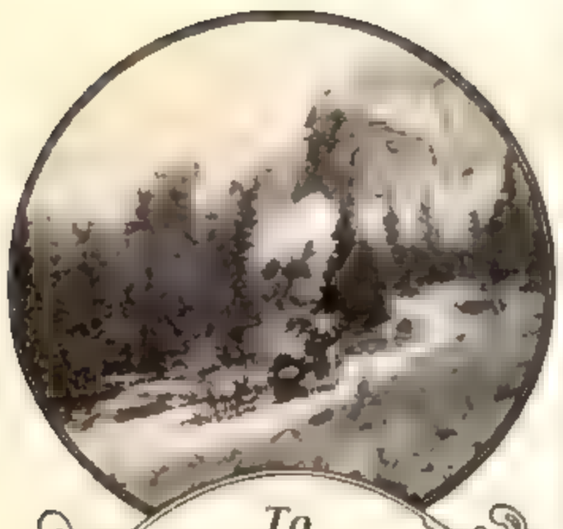

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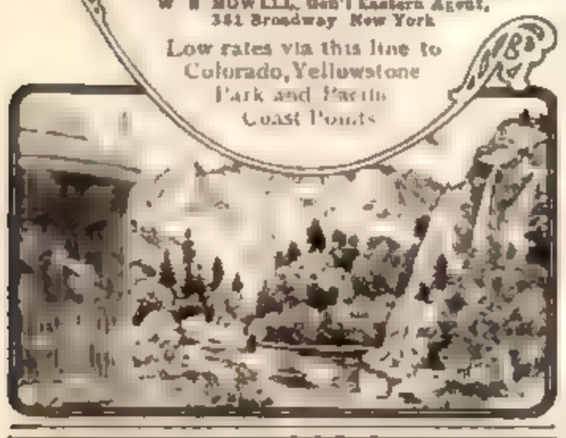

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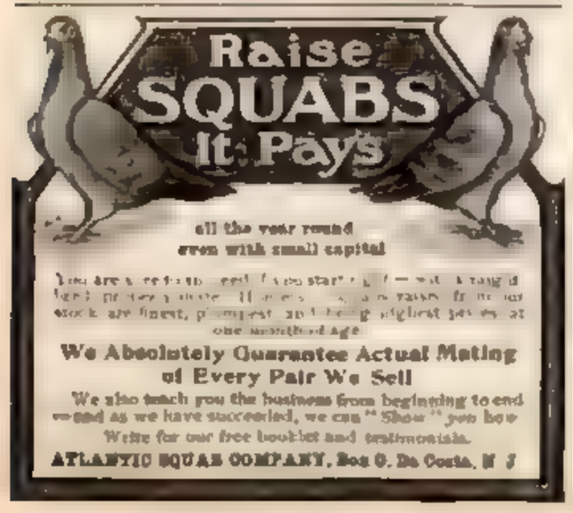

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and freed upon a false alibi. And really," he went on with a momentary shiver, "you know it's almost weird—my description to a letter coming in over the wires that way. I've been looking all morning, and every one else has been looking; but, though there are plenty with a few of the features, I am positively the only man on board with all. I tried not believing it for a while; but I went back and had the Hibernia repeat the whole message; and it's so!"

The girl laughed deprecatingly.

"Oh, you think it's funny; but, even if it comes out all right, it's awful to know that five hundred apparently rational beings can look upon you and see in you a thief—even if it's a clever thief like Manling, whom it takes the 'wireless' to catch."

"Hush," the girl said quickly, just as an Englishman stopped before them. "I really don't think it a joke; but till things change, hadn't we better accept it as one?" She included herself with him in a way that sent the blood hot through Preston. "So accept it. Accept it!"

"I beg pardon," the Englishman said slowly, after his moment's deliberation. "But this is Mr. Manling, I believe? Aw—really, I beg pardon," he repeated courteously, as Preston smiled at him. "I rather misstated it, did I not? I meant, I am Mr. Close-Stuart, sir; and I am informed that I have just won to-day's pool with my number 438 and will be only too happy to maintain my part of our—aw—agreement."

"Yes?" said Preston encouragingly.

"I am informed," the Englishman continued cautiously, "that the captain considers that the information received this morning by 'wireless' is still too—aw—inconclusive, for action; and I believe that—aw—the gentlemen of the smoking-room have also pointed out that, under our agreement, though he was quite certain you are the man, everything but the pool will be—aw—quite safe. So I believe I can—aw—assure that you will be left to carry out your part of our—aw—agreement."

"Thank you," Preston said gravely. He looked down at the girl beside him for his prompting. "But Mr. Close-Stuart," he went on, "your wife is with you, is she not?"

The Englishman pondered a moment. "If she is, sir?" he asked warily.

"I was only about to suggest that—oh, under our agreement, you know, Manling was not to disturb the ladies, and it might save him embarrassment if you got the pool now and gave him an opportunity to get it from you before he would—have to disturb your wife, perhaps, to get it."

"My word!" the Englishman exclaimed admiringly. He looked over Preston interestedly. "You know, I always *said* there was something deucedly Yankee in those Kensington hauls last summer—regular deuced Yankee impudence. So you mean to take the pool from me this afternoon?"

"I didn't say I would," Preston replied. "But Manling probably will."

"He *will*," the girl said concernedly, to Preston, as the Englishman moved away again. "That will be all over the ship in ten minutes. He will hear it and get the pool this afternoon; and then it will make it *sure* with them about you."

"Exactly," Preston agreed. "I mean Manling probably will hear it and get the pool this afternoon. But it won't make it sure at all; just the opposite."

"You mean——?" the girl asked.

"To be as conspicuously on deck as possible this afternoon, when I hope he'll get it."

"Oh, another alibi; and am I to be in it?"

"I was going to ask," Preston said, "that, as more people would notice me if I were with you than if I were anywhere else, may I have my chair brought around beside yours?"

"Of course: then I'll look for you at three?"

"Thank you; at three. But, hello! there's Dunneston going up to the 'wireless' room! I'll find developments!"

The deck steward had brought around Preston's chair and his rug when Miss Varris came to her chair a little after three; but Preston himself had not yet appeared.

Something made her apprehensive and stopped her sensing the pages she turned as she tried to read; she smiled it away, but some moments later, when Dunneston passed on his measured tramp round the deck, she hailed him.

"I was wondering where that rude cabin-mate of yours is," she said lightly. "See;

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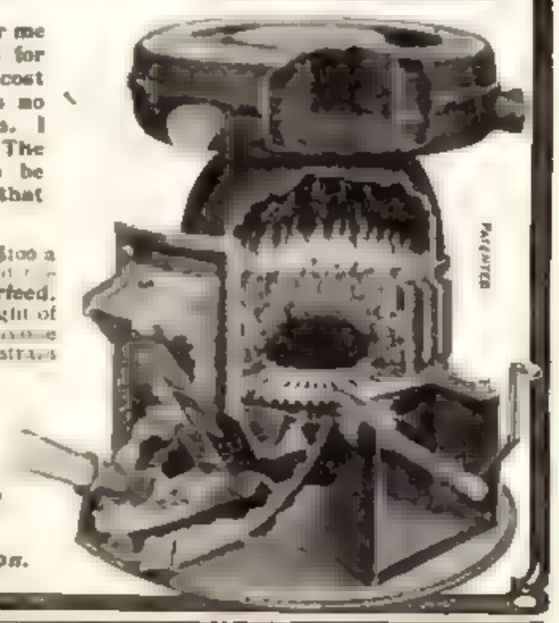

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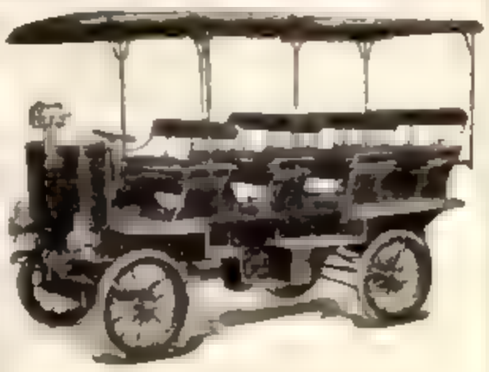

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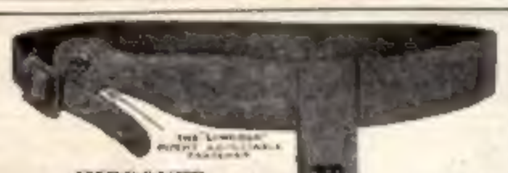

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I gave him permission to have his chair moved about here this afternoon; but he doesn't seem to care to occupy it."

"Oh, Mr. Preston?" the Englishman comprehended. "I saw him just a moment ago. And, really, I know he meant to be here. He was being detained quite unavoidably, when I saw him," the Englishman reassured; "oh, quite unavoidably—quite!"

"But that's what I was afraid of, Mr. Dunneston," the girl said. "He was being unavoidably detained—how?"

"They seemed to think he took the pool," the Englishman explained. "But if he did, he slipped it away so quickly they couldn't find it upon him."

"The pool?" the girl asked. "You mean to-day's pool? They thought he took it? It's been taken?" she asked rather inconsequently.

"It's been taken," the Englishman replied. "But, really, as I said, they have nothing to connect him with it—really nothing more than they had before to connect him with that beastly Applestone business."

"Then why did they 'detain' him, as you say?"

"Oh, you know Close-Stuart just had the pool paid to him there before us all in the smoking-room, and he put it in a roll in his jacket pocket. Bravado, you know; American taste; aw—I beg pardon—bad taste, I meant; that was all—bad taste. And a moment later, when we were all crowding out of the smoking-room in the stuffy passage they have there, he crowded into Mr. Preston, and a moment later, when he felt for the pool, it was gone. I told you there was absolutely nothing to connect Preston with it, but that 'wireless' report we got this morning, and I told them so; and, till we can get the message due now, they are going to let matters stand."

The Englishman stopped and looked down at the chair beside the girl's.

"Oh, won't you sit down?" she asked.

"Thank you," he said. "I was just looking at the rug. Distinctive, isn't it? Is it Mr. Preston's?"

"Yes; why?"

"I was just thinking it was fortunate he had so distinctive a one. I rather fancy it will clear him. You see," he explained, "the message we sent for a moment or so ago, when I was up in the 'wireless' office, was for the description of the rugs and boxes which were stolen at Southampton. The police were to get them for us, and we asked the Hibernia to try to get them from shore. She wasn't able to get shore, our operator says, this morning, but when he gets back after lunch they should have something for us. They were using a higher potential current when he left."

"And this rug of Mr. Preston's?"

"Is really quite distinctive, isn't it? It's most fortunate for him. You see, our answer will probably be inconclusive—that is, the stolen box and rugs might be any of twenty on board, so we really do not expect to find out who is Mr. Manling from this message. But, at any rate, we can show, I believe, that it is not Mr. Preston."

"Thank you," Preston's voice broke in. "He told you?" he asked Miss Varris. "I certainly missed my alibi, didn't I? But I hope I won't need it much longer. Here comes the second officer with the long-longed-for 'wireless.' I evidently can't prevent Mr. Manling from making me have his looks; but I certainly don't see how he can make me have the things he took. I'm glad this has arrived now, too; it was really becoming a bit too much."

"Your rug, Mr. Preston?" the officer asked. He compared it carefully with the message in his hand. "I believe this is quite clear," he said; "but, to make absolutely certain, will you wait for the captain? He has gone down with the steward to look at your boxes."

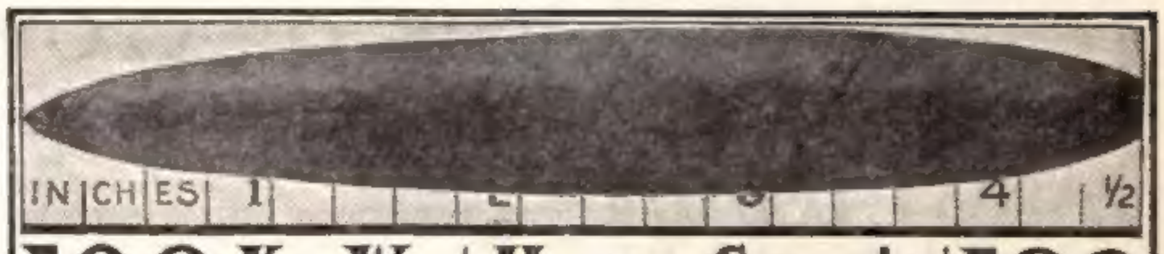
"Thank you," Preston acknowledged triumphantly.

"The captain, sir!"

The captain spoke a moment aside cautiously with his second officer.

"Mr.—er—Preston," he began, facing the young American, "really, I personally regret exceedingly that I must act upon these advices. Really, I so admire your extraordinary audacity and simplicity through this whole affair, which—but for the 'wireless'—I actually believe you might have carried through in the face of us all, that I wish I could let you play your game out. I regret exceedingly, therefore, my necessity for now placing you under arrest."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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THE ORATOR OF THE DAY

(Concluded from Page 18)

But suddenly these names, these words, acquired a meaning; they ceased to be a mere chronology; they took on a vast and amazing significance. And the faces of the old men, in Pennell's imaginative vision now grown young again, glowed with a new light, the light, indeed, of the love of a great ideal.

"Vicksburg—Jackson—Brandon Station—Germantown ——"

The chairman was old no more, he was white-haired no more; Pennell saw him, young and strong; he was leading them up heights where flames were leaping—and in his face, too, shone that great transfiguration, that light of the love of a great ideal.

"Cold Water Ferry—Sanatobia—Hickahala Creek—Sturgis' Expedition—Brice's Cross Roads"—on he went. And then Pennell heard—a sinister phrase:

"Prisoners of war ——"

The old man told it all simply, unaffectedly; and the other old men in the faded, ill-fitting clothes of blue, sitting there in the front row, listened as if to an evangel. Their interest centred in him, or in what he was saying that was common to them all; and he seemed to be speaking to them; he was not telling the audience what they had done; he was not glorifying them or himself or their deeds; he spoke of it all, indeed, in the spirit of gentle reminiscence. Pennell, until that moment when he forgot himself, had thought only of his speech, with a kind of resentment at this obscuration of himself as the chief figure and of his speech as the principal event of the day; he had feared at first that the effect of this prolonged interruption, this last catastrophe of a day when things had gone wrong, would be to erase that speech from his memory and from his lips.

He felt a hot flush of indignation as he realized that this local chairman was all too surely occupying the centre of the stage, and he realized, with a kind of despair, that the audience was not for him, was not, after all, curious about him, or interested in him; in some way, by some magic quite alien to any powers the humble speaker possessed, those people, gathered on this rainy, mournful afternoon, had been carried back forty-five years, when those old men, young men then in reality as they were now by the magic of imagination, had risked all for their ideal, when this town had been a quiet village with shaded streets and old-fashioned, quaintly-gabled buildings, white houses with green shutters among the elm trees, and these old women were meeting in some old church to make "housewives" and scrape lint for the "boys."

And then Pennell's speech left him; he abandoned it, flung it away with all its glowing sentences and fine periods, and, strangely enough, he did not care; he was even happy in the relief that came to him. A change was going on within him; slowly his eyes were opening and slowly he was beginning to face about, to confront life in a new attitude, one he had never dreamed of before. Without wholly realizing it, or being conscious of it, he began to ask himself what it was that had led these men to all these sacrifices, for they had given up home, friends, loved ones, comforts all, had flung away youth and life itself, had promptly made the last great sacrifice. Was it the madness, the glory of war, that profound, mysterious current moving in the minds of vast bodies of men at the same time, that impels to deeds of daring and a kind of universal hysteria? Was it the glamour of flags and uniforms, the stirring music of martial bands, the love of strife and conflict, the race-old lust and love of conquest—all those peculiar elements that go to make up the glory of war? Yes, thought Pennell, that was it: the glory of it, and yet—what was it this man was saying now?

"But our folks at home suffered more than what we did; every house from Lake Erie to the Gulf of Mexico was mourning the loss of some dear friend."

The Gulf of Mexico! Then this old man's views were not confined to any mere section; they embraced a nation, as his sympathies did; so that those who had been his enemies were included.

"Some of our neighborhood"—so he went on—"would be at the post-office every Saturday for the mail, which would nearly always bring bad news for somebody. Evan Rutter, my brother-in-law, took a cold from which he died. Jackson Ferry died of fever. My uncle, Benjamin Will, lay a long time in hospital, and was sent home to die. Morris Will, my cousin, met the same fate. Jonathan Lowry, my brother-in-law, died at Vicksburg. My brother John died from exposure and starvation in prison. Edward Ordway was shot and killed at Vicksburg. Matthew Vincent was taken prisoner and never returned to us. Thomas Doremus died at Memphis. John Osgood was sent back sick, and never recovered. Aaron Krieger died at Vicksburg. All of these young men were close neighbors. Some family was getting bad news nearly every Saturday night, and the others were expecting bad news every time the wind blew from the south."

Glory? Where was the glory in this? No; these men, if they had ever dreamed of glory, had been disillusioned; they had learned all the sorrow, all the shame, all the suffering, all the cruel, senseless waste of war. War to them was no dream of glory; it was a reality—and Pennell felt a swelling in his throat as the revelation came to him in a gasp—the reality of the ideal. It was an ideal for which they had done all this—these old, broken, almost grotesque figures; an ideal of unity and liberty and, though he did not see the paradox, an ideal of brotherhood. In their day they saw wrongs to be righted, and they did not stand paltering; they did not hesitate, nor equivocate; they got up and righted them. They saw clearly—perhaps because the conditions presented it clearly—the injustice and the denial of equality in the land; they saw special privilege, democracy's old foe, in one of the many hideous shapes it had assumed, and they rushed at it to strike it down. They did it crudely, and perhaps cruelly, but—they did it.

And now the years had passed and most of those men had gone. These few, and a few others like them, were gathered here on this day and in other towns and in other assemblies like this all over the land—a few, and only a few, all of them old, many of them poor, broken, and not always remembered for what they had done. And soon they would pass away like their comrades, and leave only the fading memory behind. Their work was done.

Outside the rain had ceased to fall, but from the drenched foliage of the trees the water dripped mournfully. Now and then a heavy bough dashed against a window.

And Pennell thought rapidly, in a kind of incandescent concentration: What of the wrongs of his day? What of the forms in which special privilege, the hereditary foe of humanity and of brotherhood, now masked itself? What had he, Pennell, ever done? What risks had he run, what sacrifices had he made, what criticism had he braved, what comforts, what hopes had he given up to enter the lists in this old war? These old men, to be sure, thought that when their work was done the whole task was finished, and they were entitled to think that—they, who had borne their part in their day. But their war was not the whole war, it was but a battle in that long war that goes on from age to age, the long war humanity was waging for its own protection and its own preservation. The war was not yet over, nor would it be over for ages yet to come; in other forms, in other phases, it must still be waged, that æons hence humanity in all its glory might ultimately realize itself.

These thoughts flashed through Pennell's consciousness: Would he dare? Could he have done with his clever, careful, premeditated utterances? Could he break his dependence on the strong, the powerful, and come out boldly on the side of the weak and the helpless? Could he, counting the cost, pay the debt the strong owe the weak? It would mean unpopularity, it would mean the abuse and vilification of foes, and the misunderstanding of friends; it would mean his practice, perhaps his dream of wealth and position, his ease, his comfort—could he do it? Could he dare, as these men, in their day and in like circumstances, had dared?

"But I see," said the old chairman, "that I have talked too long. I didn't mean to; I had no idea—we old fellows, once we get goin', don't know when to stop. But you can bear with us. I now have the pleasure of introducing to you"—he glanced quickly at a little card he had deftly drawn from his coat pocket—"Mr. J. Augustus Pennell, who will deliver the oration of the day."

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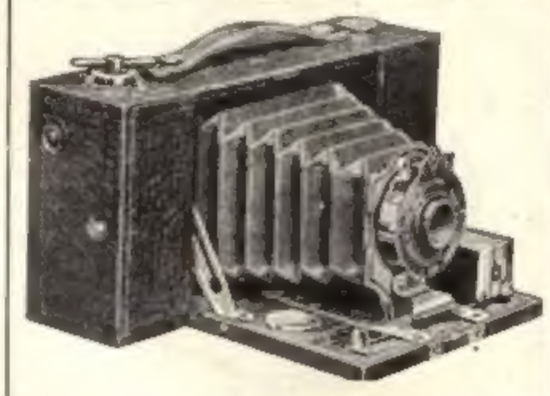

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